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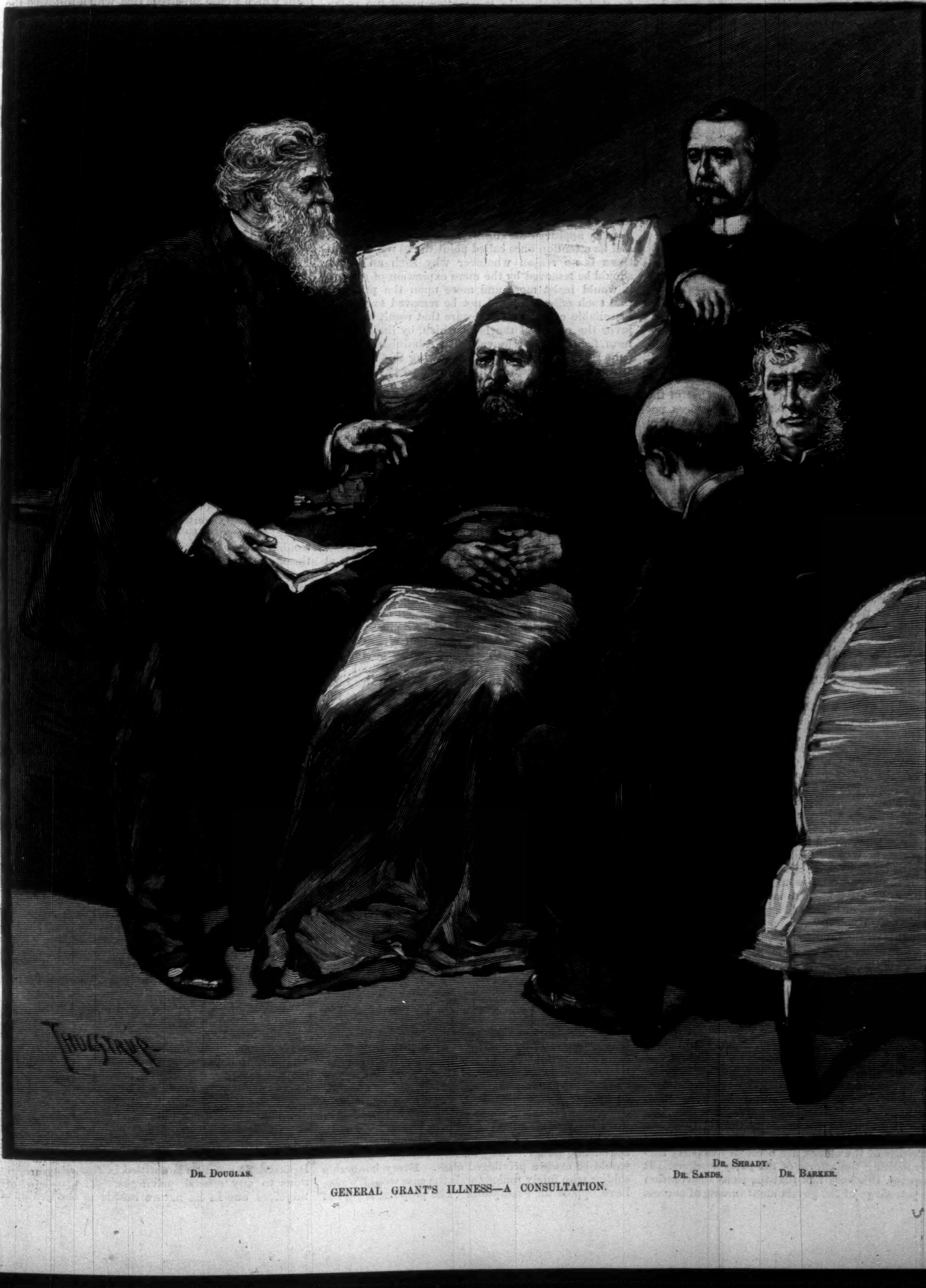

Dr. Douglas. Dr. Shrady. Dr. Sands. Dr. Barker.

GENERAL GRANT'S ILLNESS—A CONSULTATION.

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"GENERAL GRANT IN 1864,"

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In fiction we have a fable by R. K. MUNKITTRICK, *entitled "The Troubles of a Lazy Little Boy," an installment of "Rolf House," and a short story by* DAVID KER, *called "Tied to the Mast."*

MRS. LILLIE *contributes another article in her series on music, her theme this time being "The Art of Singing," and* MR. GEORGE R. KNAPP *writes, with practical knowledge, on the subject of flower-gardening.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1885.

A LATE EVENT.

THAT the re-appointment of the Postmaster of New York was a subject of national interest, and that it has been unquestionably approved by the most intelligent and patriotic public opinion, are very significant facts. Two classes of persons only have condemned the re-appointment—one class is that of the Democratic Bourbons, who look upon the offices, not as posts of public duty, but as opportunities of party plunder and patronage to carry elections; the other class is that of the **BLAINE** organs, which, affecting an interest in reform, attempt to cover with ridicule and doubt every reform act of the Administration, and which gravely declare the re-appointment of the Postmaster to be part of a bargain between him and the Mugwumps and the Administration. The silly season in politics has opened prematurely. The immense body of good citizens of both parties who see the evils and dangers of the spoils system regard the continuance of the Postmaster by a Democratic Administration as one of the most encouraging of recent public events. It is, indeed, only a necessary result of the principle that the public business, so far as it is not political, is a business to be transacted upon the same general principles as all other business. Reform is simply common-sense applied to the public service. What Democratic or Republican merchant would think of displacing a thoroughly satisfactory confidential clerk because he had been employed for four years, and in every way had proved his competency, and acquired the most useful and indispensable experience? Or what Democratic or Republican newspaper would discharge a competent and satisfactory reporter, or any other employé, of the same character, because somebody else wanted his place? Democratic and Republican business men of every kind who comprehend business principles and requirements, and who, therefore, do not carry politics or sectarianism into business, asked that the Postmaster should be re-appointed. They asked it for the true reason, which was not that he was a Republican or a Democrat, nor that he had voted for or against a particular candidate, but that in an office with which politics properly have nothing to do, which is concerned solely with the transmission of letters, newspapers, and merchandise, and which belongs to one of the great business departments of the public service, he had been singularly efficient, and had absolutely excluded politics and venal politicians from any interference.

The re-appointment of such an officer is simply an act of common-sense. He could not have been displaced without a gross violation of all sound business rules and principles. The re-appointment, moreover, is a signal illustration of the objects sought by the movement for civil service reform, which would make the case of the New York Postmaster a precedent and illustration of all similar cases in the public service. The Bourbon argument against the re-appointment is the strongest reason for the universal application of the principle to all such officers. The Bourbon argument is that the patronage of the civil service, or, as many of the Bourbon papers plainly put it, the emoluments of the offices, are necessary to party success by inciting the efforts of the party workers. It is, however, this very fact that the party distribution of the patronage of the government in case of success necessarily turns every election into a scramble for spoils, and so defeats the essential object of an election, which has produced the reform movement. Principles, policies, candidates, political honor and decency, all yield to what are called the "workers," who, obtaining the places, are paid by the public money, not for public service, but for party bullying, bribery, and swindling. And when the fact is plainly stated, the old Bourbon gamblers in politics, unable to deny or to reply, wisely content themselves with reiterating that those who deny that to the victors belong the spoils are effeminate dudes who ought to be in heaven.

The principle of the re-appointment of the New York Postmaster was not that of rewarding the Mugwumps with a share of the spoils, as the Bourbons of both parties insist. The Mugwumps who actively interested themselves in the matter urged the re-appointment, not as a personal favor or reward either to themselves or to the Postmaster, but solely as something required, in their judgment, by the soundest principles of administration. If, therefore, the announcement that it was not to be regarded as indicating the general action of the Administration should be interpreted as signifying that other officers like the New York Postmaster will be superseded by Democrats, not as more efficient officers, but as Democrats, nothing certainly would have been gained for reform by the re-appointment, so far as the Administration is concerned, but a great deal, so far as concerns the public. For the public would have seen the precedent of replacing all such officers by political opponents broken in the most conspicuous office of the kind in the country. It would have seen and heartily approved the continuance of such an officer; and its attention once called pointedly to the fact that there is no reason whatever why such an officer should be removed by the mere expiration of a term, it would insist more and more upon the principle that such officers should not be removed except for reasonable cause; and to secure that result it would favor the repeal of the laws which, by limiting the term, facilitate the removal. The Administration has done great service already by showing that a "clean sweep" need not necessarily follow a party change in the Executive. It would have achieved a distinction second only to that of the **LINCOLN** Administration if it should emancipate the business civil service altogether from mere partisan disturbance; and just in the degree that it does this will it command the sympathy and approval of an immense body of citizens in both parties.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS AND REFORM.

IN the State election of this autumn the acts of the Legislature will play an important part, because the Republicans are in the majority in both Houses. Thus far, they have not made Republican success at the polls more probable. They have defeated the Brooklyn Sheriff Bill in the Assembly, and they have voted to disagree with the report against exempting soldiers and sailors from the operation of the civil service acts; while in the Senate, as we mention elsewhere, they have passed the Freedom of Worship Bill. The vote upon the Soldiers and Sailors Exemption Bill was decisive. It was 75 to 21. The final vote may show a different result. But these figures indicate a positive disposition to strike a fatal blow at the law.

General **CURTIS**, of St. Lawrence, who has shown himself to be one of the ablest and most sagacious members of the Assembly, and who is a sincere and courageous Republican, is also a soldier of honorable service, who lost an eye in leading a forlorn hope at Fort Fisher, and no man has a better right to speak for the Union soldiers. The course of General **CURTIS** upon this question and all similar questions is the more creditable because of events which, without implication upon his honor, did not serve to commend to his sympathy the cause of reform. In the debate General **CURTIS** said that letters which he had received showed that old soldiers ask no such favors as the bill proposed. General **BARNUM**, on the contrary, said that they did. But he did not say what is unquestionably true, that if the exemption should be made, it would benefit not the whole body of Union soldiers, but only such as choose to make themselves the henchmen and parasites of professional politicians. The proposition, like all schemes to cripple the law, is intended to have an air of benefiting all soldiers. But it would actually affect only the small squad of political soldiers.

The law as it is very properly provides that age or physical debility shall not disqualify Union soldiers in the civil service examinations. But the practical overthrow of the law, if they should be exempted from the examinations altogether, and be appointed by mere favor, is evident. The most thoroughly competent candidate who would stand independently upon his proved fitness could be set aside for a military applicant who would be servile enough to the appointing power. The "heelers" among the soldiers would be made a privileged class. Every honorable soldier who fairly understands the case would, we believe, oppose the exemption. The proposal is part of the scheme to destroy the efficiency of the law to which the similar plan of exempting the Police and Fire departments belongs. The testimony of Mayor **GRACE** and Mayor **LOW** is conclusive as to the excellent working of the law and the injurious consequences of tampering with it. The public will not forget that none of these schemes are introduced by friends of the law, and that they are advocated by those who are bitterly opposed to any reform whatever. The vote will be closely scanned, of course, and will certainly not be forgotten at the polls.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN IRELAND.

THE visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland will again turn general attention to that country. Should any mischief be attempted, there would be an excitement which would supersede that which followed the death of General **GORDON** and the report of the advance of the Russians upon Afghanistan. The Irish Dynamiters would not hesitate, of course, to institute a general massacre if they thought that an explosion might injure the Prince, and that they themselves could escape. The impolicy of such an assault would not deter them, because, in their view, the greater the crime and the terror, the greater their own success. The Prince of Wales is not a coward. Undoubtedly the utmost precaution will be taken for his safety. Nothing can be assumed upon the part of the Dynamiters but an effort at assassination if the circumstances should seem to favor it. And however generous Irishmen might scorn to harm a guest who comes to them in confidence, it must not be forgotten that Dynamiters are not generous Irishmen, but mere pirates and enemies of the human race.

Secretary **BAYARD** truly says in a late letter that it is an unjust imputation upon Irishmen to assume that they approve assassination. The promiscuous slaughter of innocent persons upon the chance of injuring a supposed political opponent, Mr. **BAYARD** does not believe to be favored by honorable Irishmen. For expressing the instinctive and universal horror of all humane and civilized men at such atrocities, the confirmation of Mr. **BAYARD**'s nomination as Secretary of State was opposed by Mr. **RIDDLEBERGER**. It is a misfortune for the Republican party that Mr. **RIDDLEBERGER**—a "rebel" captain, not a brigadier—should have given such a vote as a Republican. It is no less a misfortune for the Republican name that the aid of Dynamite newspapers in the late campaign should have been praised and paid for by Republicans. Mr. **BAYARD** speaks for the true-hearted Americans of all parties in his denunciation of Dynamite crimes.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland is intended as a sign of amity. Certainly no intelligent Irishman would contend that Ireland is now, as formerly, systematically oppressed by England. The trouble is that the long oppression has produced, on the one hand, complete alienation of feeling, and, upon the other, that the demand for a separate government can not be entertained by England. A separate government, like that of our States in the Union, is what some Englishmen may be willing to concede, but it is not what the Irish nationalists desire. Were there an able and commanding leader in Ireland who could prevail upon his countrymen to accept a *modus vivendi*, a union which would recognize the imperial authority as essential to the welfare of both countries, and could England on her part see that the utmost local self-government consonant with the imperial connection is the necessity of the situation, some settlement might be reached. But no problem of statecraft would be more difficult than that of determining the details of such an understanding.

THE FREEDOM OF WORSHIP BILL.

AFTER a prolonged and much the angriest debate of the session, the New York Senate passed the Freedom of Worship Bill by a vote of 18 to 10. Of the eighteen ayes, six were Republicans, and of the ten nays, one was a Democrat. Six Republicans voted for the bill, and nine against it; and the Republicans, of course, are responsible for its passage. Two or three Senators attempted to evade the vote. But all were compelled to record themselves, and when, after reading the bill before the final vote, the Clerk of the Senate "hurled" it under his desk, Senator **GILBERT**, who had most warmly opposed it, exclaimed, "That's the way the people will treat the bill," and after declaring that its supporters would be called to a terrible account by the people, he said that he voted against "this infamous bill." The Springfield *Republican* remarks that the New York Senate has "knuckled down" to the Roman Catholic Church, and recalling the declarations of Roman Catholic journals that opponents of the bill should be defeated for re-election at the polls, the remark is suggestive.

The *Republican* adds: "This bill is not a 'freedom of worship' bill; it is a bill giving to the Roman Catholic Church, in an institution mainly supported by private contributions, but receiving a certain sum from the State, the privilege of saying mass. No religious denomination is entitled in American institutions to any special privileges. The measure is therefore one in its nature hostile to the genius of our nation; it ought to be defeated in the Assembly, and probably will be. The sole reason why it has so far succeeded is that politicians will truckle to the Roman Catholic vote." The bill is familiar, and one substantially the same was vetoed by Governor CORNELL. The Republicans who voted for it this year rested their support upon the constitutional provision that "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship without discrimination or preference shall forever be allowed in this State to all mankind." The managers of the House of Refuge claim that it is practically a private house, and that the State, which does not own the land nor the buildings, and merely gives money for the support of the institution, may remove illegal impediments to freedom of worship, but has no right to direct the performance of any religious rite whatever. They hold that the act practically establishes a State religion and violates the rights of private property.

Religious freedom was the plea under which the bill was sustained in the Senate. But of course supposed party advantage was one of its most powerful silent arguments. It is part of the "manœuvring for position" in which both parties are now engaged. The bill was introduced by a Republican from this city, and it is in this city that party deals with the Irish Catholic vote are made. A large part of that vote was given to the Republicans last November, and the Republican managers naturally desire to retain it. Except for this fact it is at least doubtful whether the bill would have passed the Republican Senate. The Republican managers count upon the alienation of this vote from the Democratic party by the reform policy of the Administration, and the passage of the Freedom of Worship Bill by a Republican Legislature they would regard as commending the party to Irish Catholic approval. Viewed as "politics," this would be less sagacious than the course of the national Administration, which is commending itself to Independent Republicans and to all good citizens by a very different policy. The bill now goes to the Assembly. Should it pass the Assembly, it would be undoubtedly signed by the Democratic Governor, and the mere Republican party advantage would be thereby lost.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

ALTHOUGH public interest in the BARTHOLDI monument seemed to have perished, and the subscriptions had stopped, the New York *World* a month ago opened a popular subscription, which by the time that this paper is issued will probably have reached the sum of twenty thousand dollars. The amount has been mainly contributed in small sums, and the plan is a good one to test the extent and quality of popular interest in the enterprise.

There seems, however, little probability that the necessary sum of $120,000 will be obtained before May, and the arrival of the statue upon a French ship at that time would produce a very disagreeable situation. Perhaps, however, if the fund should steadily increase, and there were a reasonable expectation of collecting the whole amount, the shipping of the statue might be delayed, so that its arrival might coincide with the completion of the subscription.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE death of Mr. WHITE, whose portrait is upon another page, removes a familiar figure from the literary society of New York, in which there was no more versatile or diligent workman. He was a man of many accomplishments and achievements, but almost exclusively devoted to literary and artistic pursuits, and he was wholly unknown in political circles, and little in the range of activities that lie outside of literature and art. Mr. WHITE was a lineal descendant of the Puritan JOHN WHITE, but he was in sympathy and interest much more a New-Yorker than a New-Englander. He was born and educated and lived and died in New York, and he had a certain pleasant pride in his native city.

He studied both medicine and law, but the Muses had marked him for their own, and he early entered upon a literary career as a critic of music and art at a time when there was very much less knowledge of either than there is now, and his papers were those of a man evidently versed in the art that he discussed. He was of course familiar with the musical history of New York for many years, and not long ago he wrote a very agreeable series of reminiscences of the singers, operas, and concerts of the last generation. In the days of the old *Putnam* Mr. WHITE began to publish his articles upon Shakespeare, which attracted general attention among Shakespearean scholars, an honorable fraternity in which he held a high place until the end. The other special department of his literary interest and activity was philology. He published several volumes upon the study, among which *Words and their Uses* is the best known.

During the war he was chairman of the committee upon a national hymn, and published a little and entertaining work about it. But his chief work at this time was the *New Gospel of Peace*, which was issued anonymously, and was by far the most generally popular of his writings. It was a broad and pungent satire upon the Copperhead re-action in the form of Biblical annals. At the same time he wrote letters to the London *Spectator*, which were too conservative for the eager American spirit of the time. For some time he held a place in the revenue marine service, and until within a few months he was a constant contributor to the magazines, where his appearance was always welcome. His favorite pursuit was music, and he had a singular knowledge of the violin, although he was not an expert player upon any instrument. His life was retired; his intimate personal friends were few. But at the opera and at concerts his tall, striking figure was very familiar, and his old comrades in the love and cultivation of literature and art will not forget their kind companion whose constant labors have cheered and charmed so wide a circle.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

THE request of the Commissioner of Pensions for the resignation of Miss SWEET, Pension Agent at Chicago, stated that there was "no reason personal to yourself or to the management of your office which induces this request." There was, then, according to the Commissioner's own statement, no reason whatever connected with the public service for making the request. The resignation was evidently demanded for the purpose of giving the office and its patronage to an officer of different political opinions from those which Miss SWEET presumably holds.

Now upon this point the President definitely stated his views in his Christmas letter to the Civil Service Reform League. He said: "There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the civil service statutes, but which are so disconnected with the policy of an Administration that the removal therefrom of present incumbents, in my opinion, should not be made for the terms for which they are appointed, solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who are politically in accord with the appointing power."

This is precisely the case of Miss SWEET, and Commissioner BLACK's request for her resignation is in direct contravention of the President's policy. The Commissioner seems to have shared the incredulity of many Republicans as to the President's sincerity; of which, however, he has given the most ample proofs. Meanwhile, one of the most striking illustrations of the singular and hopeful change of public sentiment upon the subject of "spoils" is the fact that peremptory removals which a few years since were regarded as matters of course, and which excited no comment whatever, are now challenged and stigmatized, and the Administration is summoned by public opinion to explain and defend its action.

THE ROME POST-OFFICE.

THE President's letter to the Postmaster-General explaining his suspension of the Postmaster at Rome, New York, is plain, frank, and conclusive. The action is based upon official reports of the negligence of law and of proper regularity and method in the management of the office, and the inadequacy of the explanation offered by the Postmaster.

The duty of the President in such cases is imperative; and as he says that the report of the Inspector was laid before the Senate, and that there is, as he understands, no dispute concerning the facts, it is certainly an interesting question why the Senate declined to second the purpose of the President to remove such an officer.

It is an admirable course which the President has taken to state publicly the reasons of such an act, and his remarks upon the signing of petitions will be acknowledged as the simple truth. Every man who knows with what recklessness petitions are signed is constrained to regard them as very poor evidence of the real opinion or desire of the signers. The President says in concluding his statement:

> "I shall do all that is in my power to rid the public service of officials who exhibit such loose ideas of their duty to the government. The fact that I have before me documents signed by many residents of the city where this Postmaster is located, and who belong to both political parties, asserting their entire confidence in his honesty and fidelity, demonstrates the unfortunate facility with which such papers may be obtained, and gives rise to an unpleasant suspicion touching a too prevalent standard of political honesty. If I can not remove this delinquent Postmaster, I can surely suspend him. This I have determined to do promptly, and I desire you at once to present to me the papers necessary for that purpose, with a designation of JAMES B. CORCORAN to perform the duties of Postmaster in place of the official thus suspended."

PARTY SPIRIT.

WHEN parties are not divided by distinctive policies and measures, devotion to the party itself is inculcated by party managers as an imperative duty. The skeptics and dissenters are more savagely anathematized, because actual arguments fail, and allegiance to party is celebrated as in itself a virtue.

The Voice, a prohibition paper which aims to organize a party to demand a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution of the United States, recalls an article in the New York *Tribune* at the time of the formation of the Republican party, and when its editor, Mr. GREELEY, who had been a devoted HENRY CLAY Whig, had become a Republican. The article is very interesting at a time when Bourbon Republican organs are busily serving as "whips" to command abject servility to party, and vainly struggling to repress conscientious independence by lies and blackguardism.

The last paragraph of the *Tribune* article of 1854 shows the tone of the whole:

> "It has long been our belief that a thorough dispersion of parties, with an obliteration and disuse of all their political machinery, watch-words, and discipline, as often as once in twelve years, if not at the close of each Presidential contest, would be a public blessing. We have witnessed such baleful results of blind partisan bigotry, of unreasoning devotion to this or that party standard because of the name thereon inscribed, of dishonest practicing on this fanaticism in the confident belief that the great body of the party will swallow anything that bears the approved label, that we should be perplexed if required to say whether party spirit has done more good or evil. True, it has incited a vast dissemination of knowledge with regard to public affairs, but it has also closed many eyes inexorably against the reception of that knowledge. True, it has caused and still causes the wielding of power and patronage to be watched with lynx-eyed penetration and unsleeping vigilance, but it has at the same time surrounded them with blind supporters whom no revelation of their incompetency or knavery can alienate, because they will see nothing, believe nothing, that contravenes their faith in 'the party' and its idols. If the wise patriot finds party often a useful servant, the simple and ill-informed oftener grind in its prison-house through life, unreasoning, obsequious slaves."

PERSONAL.

MR. CYRUS W. FIELD celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his business life by retiring from business, and leaving his sons and sons-in-law to manage his vast interests. He is going to Europe, he says, to have a frolic. His distinguished brother, DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, retired from the practice of the law several years ago, although he is still occupied with his specialties of codification and international law. CYRUS W. FIELD is seventy-five; DAVID DUDLEY FIELD is eighty.

—A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* thinks that what George Eliot sacrificed by her relationship to GEORGE HENRY LEWES was not a small group of friends, but a tomb in Westminster Abbey. Yet there is nothing in what the world knows of her to indicate that she would have prized the prospect of such a distinction.

—The most pathetic thing in Mrs. CUSTER's delightful book, *Boots and Saddles* (which, by-the-way, is the most successful volume issued by the American press in many a day), is her recital of the pledge which General CUSTER exacted of his officers and confirmed by their most solemn asseveration, namely, that in case of his or their capture by the Indians when she was with them, she should be shot dead on the spot before being permitted to fall into the hands of the savages. This pledge, she says, was well known to her during her equestrian excursions with the General.

—On the pay-list of a large business house in this city is a man of fifty, who ten years ago was the most successful "drummer" attached to the establishment. He would go to a Southern city, sit around socially with the merchants, and take their orders with a regularity and success that had few equals. To-day the firm has pensioned him in view of his past services. The present methods of "drumming" are so different, and require the exercise of such different faculties, that he can scarcely sell his salt's worth. Most of the "drummers" of the last decade are similarly afflicted with dry-rot. Their places are filled by others. The contemporaneous rule of the profession is, "A possible buyer must be forced to buy." It used to be, "He must be coaxed into it."

—The most eloquent speaker at the farewell dinner to Mr. IRVING was HENRY WARD BEECHER. He had waited until past seventy, he said, before going to the theatre, and he did not think such an example was likely to hurt young people. He had read Shakespeare all his life, but had never understood him until he saw him. He had never seen Ophelia until he saw Miss TERRY. He now knew what Beatrice is. Mr. IRVING's acting had touched some of the deepest chords of his life; and "when he goes away, I shall feel in some sense as I feel in autumn, when it is gradually growing sober."

—In settling down in New York city as a member of his old law firm, General ARTHUR will find himself in the midst of friends. His law offices are perhaps the most elegant and costly in the city. His position will be that of counsel to the firm of KNEVALS & RANSOM.

—Mlle. NEVADA, whose silvery tones and unconscious sweetness of manner captivated the opera-goers of this city, has recovered from her serious affection of the throat, and is now trying to make Colonel MAPLESON pay her the $1000 a night that she says he agreed to pay.

—The gypsies are averse to alliances outside their own race, and when one of their young women married the Englishman ISAAC JOWLES, who afterward was known as King of the Gypsies, her two daughters, very beautiful girls, refused to be married except to gypsy men. Their children were in every respect like gypsies; the introduction of alien blood seemed to have no appreciable effect.

—Mr. RUSKIN is now as enthusiastic over HOLMAN HUNT's pictures as he used to be over TURNER's. Of HUNT's latest work, representing the Holy Family in their flight into Egypt, attended by the embodied spirits of the martyred infants of Bethlehem, he writes: "I can say with deliberation that none even of the most animated groups and processions of children which constitute the loveliest sculpture of the ROBBIAS and DONATELLO can more than rival the freedom and felicity of motion, or the subtlety of harmonious line, in the happy wreath of these angel-children."

—Mr. S. G. W. BENJAMIN, United States Minister to Persia, reports that an orthodox Mohammedan will neither receive refreshments from a Christian nor smoke a pipe after him, even though the Christian be his guest and social equal.

—Mr. JOHN FOORD, editor of the Brooklyn *Union*, has made an eight-page paper of that enterprising journal, in place of the aforetime blanket-sheet. The change has been made possible by the use of a marvellous new printing-machine, which turns out hourly 24,000 copies of eight pages, cut, pasted, and folded. In its present shape the *Union* is very attractive in appearance.

—Dr. HOLMES writes that thirty years ago he considered himself "a very old man, much older than I do now."

—A correspondent of the Chicago *News* is authority for the statement that Postmaster-General VILAS says that he finds his department at Washington "full of the most beautiful young women human eyes ever beheld."

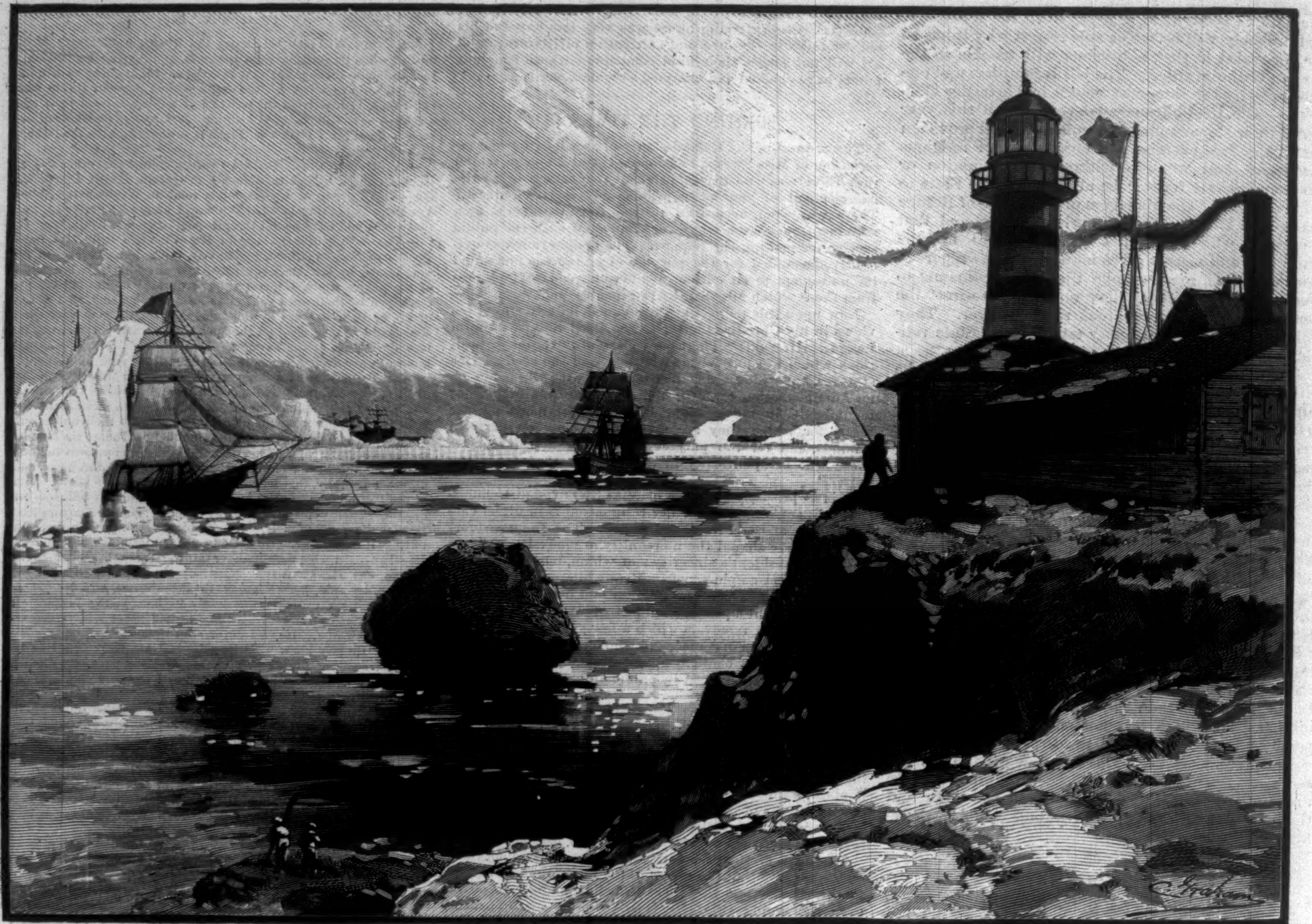
—A young soldier, who was with the brave Colonel BURNABY when he fell in the Soudan, writes to his father: "I was firing in the rear face of the square, when Colonel BURNABY rushed out madly between the lines of fire, and began cutting with his sword. Soon afterward I was by his side, and his life's blood was flowing from three wounds, some of which I have on my sleeve, and will, if spared, bring home, for better blood never flowed from a braver man."

—Mr. ROBERT GARRETT, of Baltimore, has become the possessor of the superb and absolutely unique collection of engravings and etchings gathered by the late Mr. JAMES L. CLAGHORN, of Philadelphia. Mr. CLAGHORN, who regarded the collection with the fond admiration of the father of a beautiful child, would have been pleased to forsee its destination. The price paid is said to be $150,000. With its Walters Gallery, its Peabody Institute, and its Claghorn Collection, Baltimore has become one of the three chief art centres of the country.

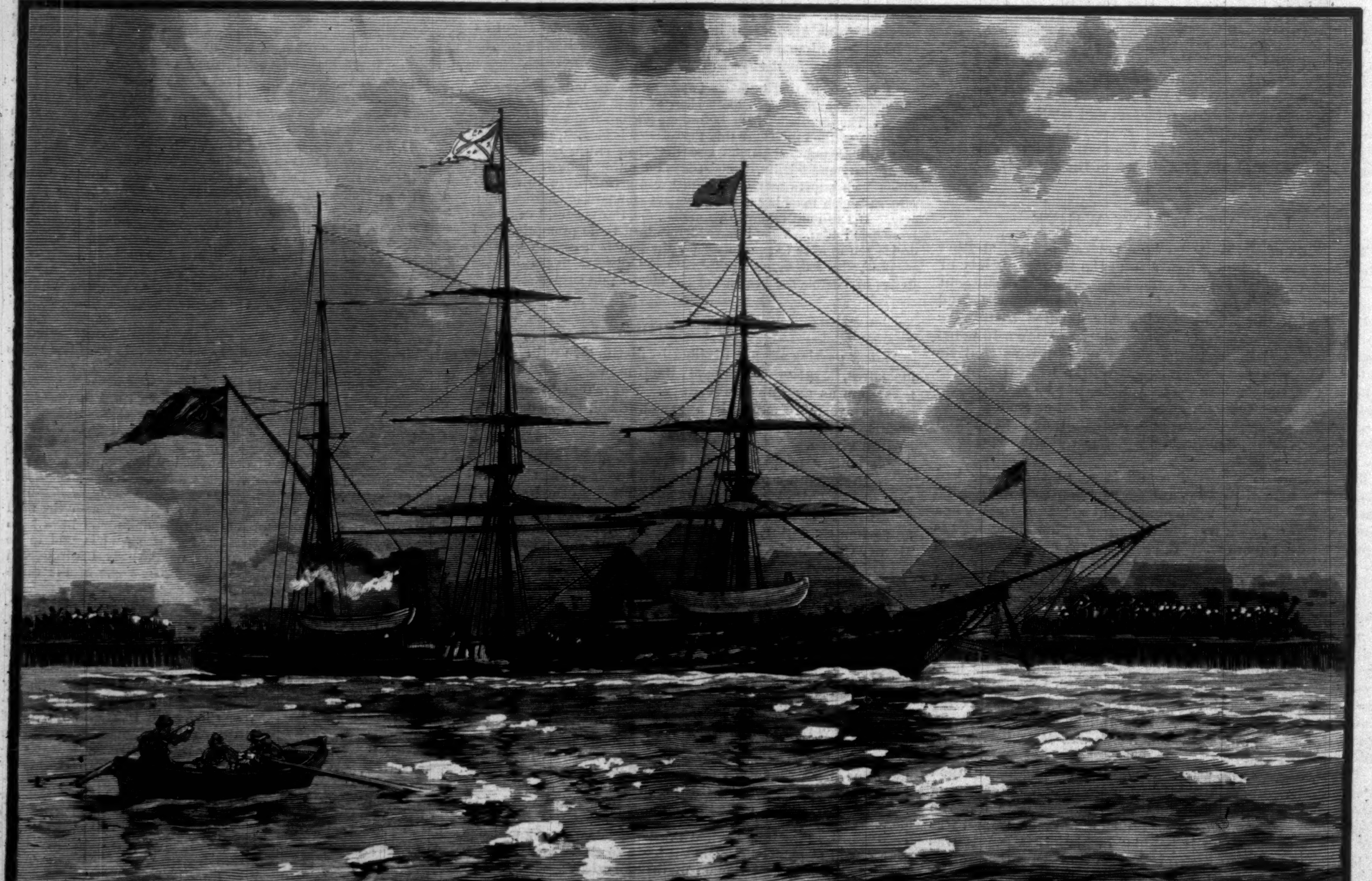
—Mrs. GARFIELD expresses herself as "hurt" and "deeply humiliated" by the published rumor of her intention to remarry. "To me it seems just as much an insult as it would be were the dear General still here. That any one can think me capable of being false to his memory seems like being regarded criminal."

—Dr. HENRY B. MILLARD, of this city, has been unanimously elected a foreign corresponding member of the Société d'Hydrologie Médicale of Paris, and of the Verein Deutscher Aerzte of Prague. Dr. MILLARD is the first American physician to receive either of these distinctions. The honor, in the case of the German society, was conferred upon him with express reference to his researches in diseases of the kidneys.

—A young Polish artist, Mlle. BASHKIRTSEFF, who died recently in Paris of a galloping consumption, left the following meditations in her journal: "What an astonishing thing a great character is! At the end of centuries we are as daft about a hero as if he lived yesterday. I long to do a picture of Cæsar's death, because of the popular sentiments that can be brought into play, the difficulties of composition that are to be overcome, and the knowledge that must be shown of anatomy. I am tired of hearing that women can do nothing classically great, and I want to apply my faculties to the production of a masterpiece in which every one will live and show or betray a strong feeling of some kind. What troubles me is that Cæsar was killed in the Senate, and not in the open air. This causes one difficulty the less, and I want to surmount every sort of difficulty."



THE ICE OFF CAPE RACE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 254.]



THE FIRST SEALER OF THE SEASON.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. HAYWARD.—[SEE PAGE 254.]

THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL MARSTON, U. S. N.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BROADBENT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

NORMAN J. COLMAN, COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICE, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

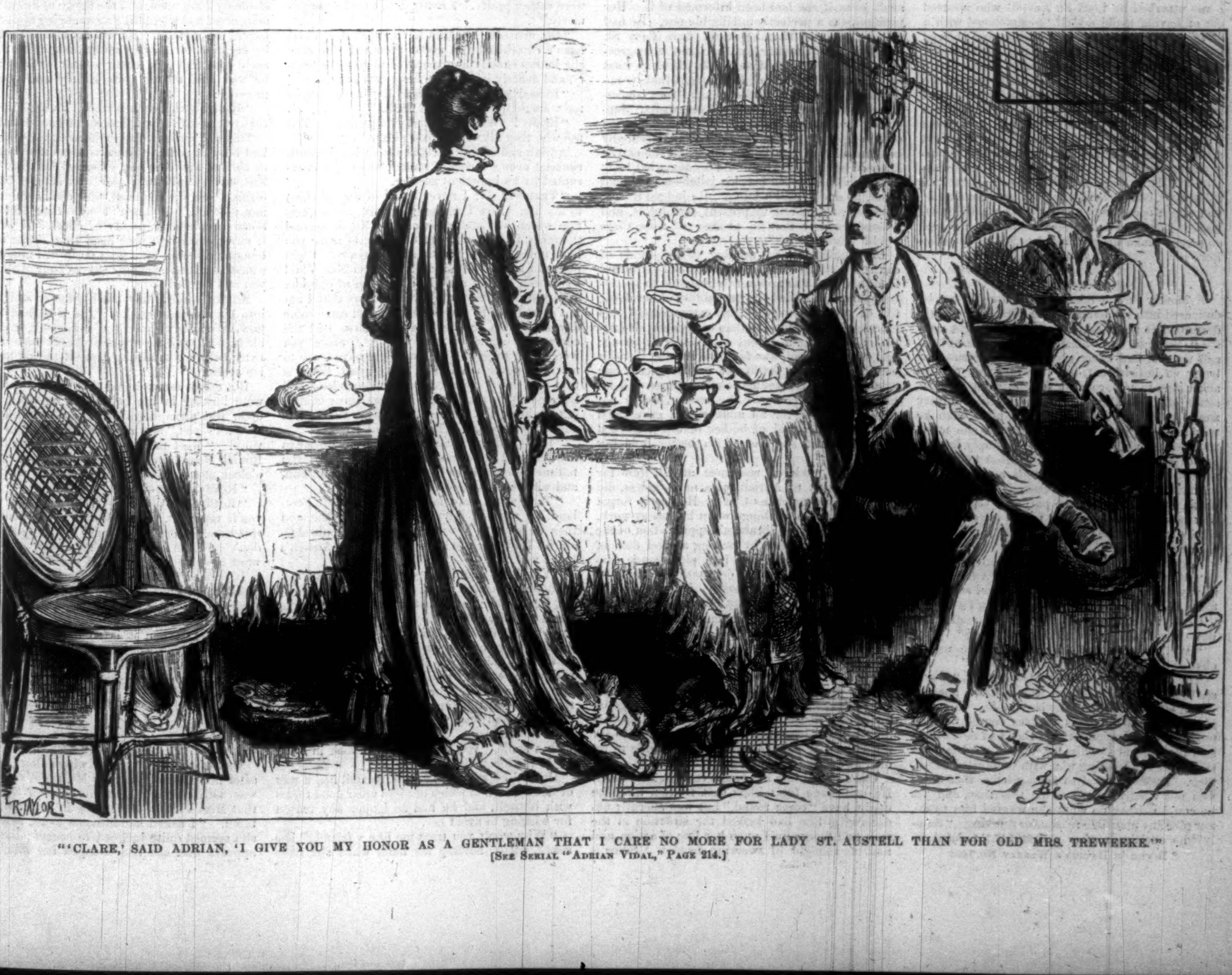
REAR-ADMIRAL MARSTON.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN MARSTON, who died in Philadelphia, in the ninetieth year of his age, after an illness of some weeks, was associated with the most memorable naval conflict in the history of this country. Early in the month of March, 1862, the United States frigates *Roanoke*, *Cumberland*, *Congress*, and *Minnesota* were lying peacefully at anchor in Hampton Roads, not far from Fortress Monroe, when their attention was aroused by the approach of the Confederate iron-clad *Merrimac*. The *Roanoke* was able to get away, and the *Minnesota* grounded in a place where the *Merrimac* could not reach her, but the *Cumberland* was struck a blow that sunk her, and the *Congress* was set on fire by balls and blown up. The arrival of the little *Monitor*, looking like a big cheese set on a raft, alone saved the rest of the Federal fleet in those waters, and prevented the *Merrimac* from renewing her devastating work in the harbor of New York.

When the *Cumberland* was sinking in Hampton Roads, Admiral MARSTON was in command of the entire United States squadron in those waters, his flag-ship being the *Roanoke*. He did everything that human wisdom could do to save his fleet, but the force and armament of the Confederate iron-clad were too much for the old-fashioned wooden ships. He was as brave an officer as the service ever saw, and it was by sheer good luck that he was not on board the *Cumberland* as her commander when she went down, for only a few months had elapsed since his promotion had removed him from her quarter-deck to that of the more fortunate *Roanoke*.

The Admiral understood naval warfare well, and could handle a ship or a fleet of the old *régime* like the gallant and intelligent commander that he was. His experience reached back to the time when he served on the frigate *President*, under Commodore JOHN ROGERS, and he was associated with Commodore CHAUNCEY on board the *Washington*, Commodore MORRIS on board the *Constellation*, Commodore JACOB JONES on board the *Constitution*, and Commodore WADSWORTH on board the *Prometheus*. He was an officer of the frigate *Brandywine*, which took General LAFAYETTE back to France.

Since 1861 the Admiral has been on the retired list, but has been twice promoted, once in 1862 from the rank of Captain to that of Commodore, and again in 1866 to the rank of Rear-Admiral. After the engagement at Hampton Roads he was made Inspector of Light-houses at Boston.



"'CLARE,' SAID ADRIAN, 'I GIVE YOU MY HONOR AS A GENTLEMAN THAT I CARE NO MORE FOR LADY ST. AUSTELL THAN FOR OLD MRS. TREWEEKE.'"
[SEE SERIAL "ADRIAN VIDAL," PAGE 214.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CLOUDS AFTER THE RAIN.

OF all ways of ending a quarrel, the best, probably, is to shake hands and say no more about it. The great majority of quarrels arise from faults on both sides; so that any re-discussion of their original cause is but too apt to bring about a renewal of the hostilities which it is intended to close. Nevertheless, there are exceptions to this general rule, and it was certainly a little unfortunate that Clare and Adrian, in their eagerness to become reconciled, should have carefully shunned all reference to the lady whose vagaries had so nearly created a lasting breach between them. A few direct questions and honest answers would have set Clare's mind at rest; but neither question nor answer passed, and so what might have been a solid peace remained little more than a truce, to which some trifle might at any moment put a term.

And in a very short time the requisite trifle was forth-coming. Entering the breakfast-room rather late one morning, Adrian saw among the letters beside his plate one addressed in Lady St. Austell's bold, flowing hand, and had an intuitive conviction that Clare had seen it too. Now in the early days of their married life the young couple had thoughtlessly agreed to make their letters common property, and although the custom had lately fallen into abeyance, it had never been formally abrogated. Thus, after breakfast, Clare asked, in a matter-of-course way, to be shown Adrian's batch of correspondence, which it was out of the question that she should see in its entirety, for one of the letters ran as follows:

"KILMUIR CASTLE, INVERNESS, N. B., *August* 20.

"DEAR MR. VIDAL,—I have been thinking a great deal about you during the last few days, and I have always noticed that when I take these fits of thinking about my friends, they are in need of help. Of course you will not admit that you are bored to death at Polruth, but I feel convinced that you *are* bored; so I write to say that we have room for you here whenever you can summon up courage to defy your jailers and escape over the border. You might even bring the head jailer with you, if you liked; only then you would have to telegraph to me, so that I might send her an invitation in due form. But I really think you had better give yourself a holiday, and come alone. We have a very cheery house party, and I dare say you have heard that the birds are unusually wild this year. Or is it the reverse, that they ought to be? I know nothing about sporting matters, but I do know that Lord St. Austell has been in a good humor for three days running, which shows that all must be well.

"I wonder whether you caught it that afternoon when Mrs. Vidal came in so unexpectedly, and found you in Grosvenor Square. *I* did. First I was attacked by Lord St. Austell, who accused me of having made myself 'conspicuous' with a certain person who shall be nameless, and showed me a disgraceful paragraph in the *Anglo-Saxon*, about which I shall have a word or two to say to you when we meet. Then Mr. Heriot took up his parable, and preached me such a sermon as I never listened to in my life before. Between ourselves, I suspect him of being a little sweet on the head-jailer, for he waxed quite eloquent about her, and was in a terrible state of fuss because he thought I wanted to rob her of her captive. I don't want to rob anybody; but I do think that, considering how good your conduct is, you might occasionally be let out on a ticket-of-leave. I have several things to talk to you about; so please make up your mind to join us, and believe me, Yours always,

"JULIA ST. AUSTELL."

Evidently such a missive as this could not be delivered into the hands of the person pleasantly described as the head jailer. Adrian might mutter "Confound the woman!" and declare to himself that he had never given her any excuse for being so impertinent, but he well knew that to ask Clare to believe that statement in the presence of documentary evidence to the contrary would be asking for a good deal more than he was likely to get. When, therefore, she made the request above mentioned, he simply handed her over a few lines from Pilkington upon matters of business, a couple of bills, a very lengthy communication from an obsequious wine-merchant, and an offer on the part of a German lottery agent to secure him, in return for one sovereign, a good chance of winning "the large sum of £30,000 sterling."

"And the other?" said Clare, quietly.

"Oh, the other was from Lady St. Austell, asking me—at least, asking us—to go and stay with them in Scotland. Of course we sha'n't go."

Clare raised her eyebrows. "Why did she write to you instead of to me, I wonder?"

"Well, she wanted to know if there was a chance of your accepting the invitation."

Then followed the inevitable question, "May I see what she says?" and the evasive answer, which was perhaps equally inevitable. In a very short space of time this hapless couple were as much at cross-purposes as if they had never been half drowned at Poddly Joke at all. Adrian felt that Fate was treating him with unmerited harshness. He was forced to acknowledge that Clare was not wholly unreasonable this time, and yet he could neither do what she wanted him to do, nor give any plausible reason for refusing. "Surely," he exclaimed, after a somewhat painful interchange of words, which there is no need to record, "we are not going to be so silly as to quarrel again about this woman!"

"I don't mean to quarrel any more, Adrian," answered Clare, sadly; "quarrelling will never make things any better. But it is no fault of mine if you have to choose between me and Lady St. Austell."

"What do you mean?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, nothing that need alarm you," she replied, with a touch of bitterness. "I shall not speak to any one else about the matter, and there will be no scandal. Only if you claim liberty, I claim it too, and we must lead separate lives after this, though we may remain under the same roof. Perhaps, after all, that is what you will think the most sensible plan."

"Clare," said Adrian, "I give you my honor as a gentleman that I care no more for Lady St. Austell than for—for old Mrs. Treweeke. Surely you must believe me."

"Yes," she answered, calmly, "I believe you, since you tell me that it is so. But that is not enough. I don't understand your distinctions; I don't know where you consider that flirtation ends and love begins; and I think I have a right to say that you must belong to me altogether or not at all. If you care enough for me to accept that bargain, and if you care for Lady St. Austell as little as you say, you will show me her letter."

The demand was, no doubt, justifiable, although it might have been less peremptorily put. Adrian met it by producing Lady St. Austell's letter, which he tore into fragments and scattered to the four winds of heaven. "I am not prepared to demonstrate my innocence by unquestionable proofs at every step," he remarked. "You tell me in one breath that you believe what I say, and that I must do so and so before you will be convinced that I am speaking the truth."

Clare flushed a little when she saw the scraps of paper fluttering away in the breeze; but she answered tranquilly enough: "That was not what I said; but it doesn't much signify. You will be able to write and receive what letters you please in the future, for I shall never ask to see them again. And so saying, she left him.

There was one letter which it was incumbent upon Adrian to write that day, and he was at first inclined to make it a very rude one. When, however, he remembered that his correspondent would infallibly detect the cause of his ill humor, and be amused by it, he changed his mind and dispatched a short note thanking Lady St. Austell for her kind invitation, which he regretted that he was not able to accept, and merely remarking, casually, "I must have given you some false impression as to my being bored at Polruth. If I am a prisoner here, I am a very willing one." He added a few commonplaces, by way of showing that he was too indifferent to Lady St. Austell's insinuations to be offended by them, and flattered himself that he had conveyed a snub as delicately and effectually as the case permitted.

Snubbing a woman who has involved you in domestic broils is not, however, of much more practical use than killing a wasp after it has stung you, and Adrian knew that his wife would not have been contented with the delicacy of this snub, even if she had been informed of it. Her position was a perfectly intelligible one. He had only to promise that he would drop Lady St. Austell's acquaintance, and all past transgressions should be blotted out. But this was what he did not choose to do. He thought that he understood the nature of women, and that concessions seldom move them toward generosity. Supposing that he made the renunciation demanded of him now, other renunciations would assuredly be demanded of him before long, and the end of it would be that his wife would become what Lady St. Austell had called her, his jailer—a very kind jailer, no doubt, still a jailer. He judged it best, therefore, to submit to present discomfort, and trusted vaguely that in process of time Clare would "come round."

Of course she did nothing of the kind; of course every day that Adrian remained estranged from her, and was apparently resigned to the estrangement, lessened the probability of her doing so; of course, also, the said estrangement was more easily consented to than concealed. It ended by becoming apparent even to Mrs. Irvine; and she, good soul, was far from sharing Heriot's conviction of the futility of interference. She attacked both the young people in turn with inquiries as to what was the matter, would not take "Nothing" for an answer, and gave them and herself a world of bother before it dawned upon her that she had much better hold her tongue.

All this rendered residence at Cardrew far from pleasant to Adrian, who, nevertheless, did not suffer as much as Clare. He partly forgot the contrariness of things when he was at work, and justified Mr. Wilbraham's appreciation of the artistic temperament by putting a good deal of his sorrowful experience into picturesque language for the subsequent delectation of the public. And then, in the month of September, he obtained what he could not but regard as a happy release. Under other circumstances he would have unhesitatingly declined an invitation to go to some friends in Warwickshire for a few days' shooting; but now he jumped at it, and he made himself so agreeable to his entertainers that when the few days were up he was entreated to remain a little longer, after which he was asked to go on to another house, and thence to a third, so that the few days lengthened themselves out into six weeks, and it seemed hardly worth while to return to Cornwall at all.

Clare joined him in London early in November. He had some faint hope that by this time she might have "come round," but was speedily undeceived. She had looked the situation in the face, had determined upon her line of action, and had no thought of swerving from it. Since it was her destiny to be such a wife as Adrian had described in print—such a wife as, by all accounts, many women were condemned to be in these evil days—she would accept what she could not avoid without the scandal of an open separation. Henceforth she would do as others did, and ignore her husband's flirtations, if it pleased him to indulge in any. What she would not submit to was the insult of a pretended love.

She was not insulted in that way. Habit heals most hurts, and Adrian was becoming accustomed to the changed order of his life. So long as there were no rows, domesticity was at least endurable, especially when you didn't have too much of it. Plenty of his friends of both sexes had returned to London, and were very glad to see him again. Many a pleasant afternoon and evening did he spend among them, and many a little dinner did he organize, to be followed by an adjournment to one of the theatres. Clare entertained them when he chose to invite them to his house, but seldom accompanied him when he went to theirs. She found plays tedious, she said, and he took her at her word. She had been of a different opinion once; but then that was a whole year ago.

He was walking down Bond Street one afternoon, when he was stopped by a footman, who muttered something; and looking in the direction from which the man had come, he was aware of a certain smart victoria which he had not expected to see in London at that season of the year. The lady who was seated in it, wrapped in sables, the value of which would have kept a whole streetful of her husband's tenantry from cold and hunger through the winter months, held out a little gloved hand to him, saying: "Where are you going this dismal afternoon? Come home with me, and I will give you a cup of tea."

And so presently Adrian was in the carriage and progressing rapidly toward Grosvenor Square.

Lady St. Austell confined her observations to harmless generalities on the way; but when she and her guest were seated before the fire, with the tea table between them, she leaned forward and said, gently: "Why were you so angry with me for asking you to come to us in Scotland? An invitation isn't generally considered an affront."

Adrian sighed. He was not going to let her know what good cause for anger she had given him; but after a moment he answered, "You put your invitation in a way that would have affronted a good many people."

Lady St. Austell laughed a little. "You didn't like my taking it for granted that you must be bored at Polruth. Well, I apologize. You were not bored; you couldn't be bored. And have you remained on at Polruth ever since I heard from you?"

"Not quite ever since," answered Adrian. "I went away toward the end of the time to get a little shooting, and then I staid about with different friends for a few weeks."

"By yourself?"

"My wife was not with me. Of course she wanted to see as much of her own family as she could."

"Very natural and creditable on her part. What sort of houses have you been staying in, and whom did you meet? Any pretty people?"

"Pretty? Well, yes, I suppose some of them were rather pretty. I really didn't notice particularly."

"Oh, nonsense! Don't tell me that Mrs. Vidal hasn't catechised you about them. I am sure she knows exactly how many of them were pretty, and exactly how pretty the pretty ones were."

"Indeed she doesn't. She has never asked me a single question about them."

"Really! Well, I am more inquisitive. Tell me who they all were, if you please."

Adrian smiled and complied with her request, running over a string of names, which she interrupted by an impatient gesture.

"That will do; I never heard of any of them in my life. Now I am going to ask you a question which will make you cross. No, on second thoughts, I won't ask the question, because you have unintentionally answered it already. I will make an assertion instead. You and Mrs. Vidal have been having a slight difference of opinion. Will you think me very horrid if I say that I am not sorry for it? I knew that it must come some day, and I am rejoiced that you have had the courage to stand up for yourself. Since you were going to pay visits, you might have come to me; but never mind that. The great thing is that you have declared your independence. I have no doubt that Mrs. Vidal has many charming qualities, and I have always been the first to admit that she has a charming face; but—"

"If it's quite the same thing to you," broke in Adrian, "I'd rather not discuss her. Won't you tell me how you have been spending the autumn, and what brings you to London?"

"That won't take long. After we left Scotland we were in Hertfordshire for a time, and then we went to Newmarket for the Cambridgeshire. I suppose you know that Lord St. Austell's horse won."

"Yes, I saw it in the papers," answered Adrian. "I hope he made a pot of money."

"I can't say; but I should think he did, for he was amiability itself for some days after the race. Now he has departed for Paris with some other young fellows of his own standing, and I believe he talks of going on to Monaco. I only hope he will, because then I shall not be wanted to entertain people before Christmas, and I do so hate the country at this time of year! If I can manage it, I shall stay where I am until he comes back to England. And perhaps," she added, with a smile, "you will sometimes look in upon me in my loneliness."

He said he would. Lady St. Austell had a way of talking to him which put him upon good terms with himself, and he had no longer any reason for wishing to avoid her.

"Why won't you treat me like a friend?" she asked, softly, holding his hand while she bade him good-by. "You might do worse than tell me your troubles. I have had a great deal of experience, and, above all, I am a woman. I think I could give you some good advice, if you would let me."

The upshot of this interview was that it was succeeded by several others, in the course of which Adrian was persuaded to open his heart in some degree to this friendly sympathizer. He only half trusted her; but a confidant of any kind was a boon to him, and Lady St. Austell showed a great power of participation in his feelings. As for advice, it must be confessed that she had not much of that to offer. On the other hand, she had plenty of compassion at his service. Of the institution of marriage she spoke with pathetic eloquence. A careless observer might have thought that Lady St. Austell's bonds weighed lightly upon her; but such, it appeared, was not the case. Ah, no! She, like others, knew what it was to marry in haste and repent at leisure. That was why she was able to feel so deeply for those who had made a similar mistake. To be linked to an uncongenial fellow-captive, without hope of escape, was bad enough; but how much worse did it become when—as so often happened—you met too late the one person who could have made you happy, and whom you, perhaps, might have made happy, had the Fates been propitious! There were tears—real tears—in Lady St. Austell's eyes while she discoursed thus.

Adrian was not much to blame if he understood himself to be the person alluded to in these plaintive murmurings, because that was precisely what he was meant to understand; but he is open to as much blame as the reader may please to adjudge to him for finding the discovery rather agreeable than otherwise. He was not in the least in love with Lady St. Austell; but a little sentimentality was what he had never yet been able to help enjoying, and this woman was past mistress of the art of flirtation. The truth—if Adrian had only known it—was that she had taken his measure. In the beginning of their acquaintance she had been a little bit afraid of him. Her knowledge of mankind had, up to that time, been derived from observation of a class to which he did not belong—a class composed of younger sons, Guardsmen, budding politicians, and the like—and she had not been sure whether the author of *Satiety* might not be rather too clear-sighted a person to be imposed upon by the cajoleries that pleased those simple folk; but having now discovered that he was quite as great a fool as the rest of them, she felt her feet upon firm ground, and brought all her accustomed arts to bear upon him. She had quite discarded the flippant manner which characterized her at ordinary times; she had soft modulations in her voice which were calculated to reach the toughest heart; and she always took care to sit with her back to the light.

It may be hoped that the result of so much painstaking endeavor proved satisfactory to Lady St. Austell; but whether it did or not, there was one humble member of her household to whom Mr. Vidal's frequent appearances in Grosvenor Square were a source of pure delight. One evening, as Adrian was descending the staircase, the baize door alluded to in a former chapter was suddenly flung open, and the figure of Susan Bowman, erect and silent, like an avenging apparition, barred his passage. He was not altogether taken by surprise, for he had often thought that some such episode would occur sooner or later; and he was able to say quite calmly and good-humoredly:

"Well, Susan, how are you? I am glad to find that you have dropped into such a good situation."

This was rather a disappointment to Susan, who had been at some little pains to contrive her *coup de théâtre*, and who had expected that her faithless lover would turn pale and stagger back in dismay. So she returned, with considerable acrimony—"Oh, you knew I was here, did you? Some people have plenty of cheek! I suppose it never came into your head that, living in this house and seeing what goes on in it, I might have something interesting to say to your wife about you and her ladyship."

Adrian immediately put his finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket; and if he had known how very near he was, for a moment, to having his face slapped, he would probably have thought twice before committing himself to that suggestive action.

But Susan remembered that various domestics were lurking in the hall below, and put a curb upon the promptings of nature. "I want to speak to you," she said, rapidly, and in a low voice. "Meet me to-morrow afternoon by the Round Pound in Kensington Gardens at four o'clock sharp. Do you understand?"

"Really, Susan—"

"Really, Mr. Vidal, you'll do as I tell you, or you'll repent it. No, I'm not to be bought off this time. Keep your money in your pocket, and don't be late to-morrow afternoon, unless you want to drive me to do what you'll be sorry for."

It seemed to Adrian that he had better yield. Susan was rather alarming with her vague menaces: it was wiser to keep friends with her than to quarrel with her; and at four o'clock on a winter's afternoon it is so dark that one may meet anybody in Kensington Gardens without appreciable risk. So he said, "Very well, then," and went his way pensively.

CHAPTER XXV.

DE WYNT UPON MARRIAGE.

ONE of the first visitors whom Clare received after her return home was Mr. De Wynt; and it was with sincere regret that she informed him that Miss Vidal would not be in London that autumn. "I asked her to come to us, and at first she seemed quite inclined to accept; but now it appears that she has changed her mind, and I am afraid we sha'n't see her again before the spring."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1463.

De Wynt shook his head ruefully. "I've heard from her, too," he remarked. "Of course you've seen her book, *The Islands of the Blest*. Awfully clever; don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know," said Clare, who was not pleased with her sister-in-law. "Travels don't interest me much, as a rule. Next year, I suppose, we shall have a companion volume, with a representation on the cover of Georgina driving a team of reindeer, and an aurora borealis in the background. Did she tell you that she proposes to spend this winter in driving through the north of Norway and Sweden?"

"Yes; she mentioned it. I knew she would be off somewhere. I told you so, if you remember."

"How ridiculous it is of her!" exclaimed Clare, impatiently.

"Oh, I shouldn't call it ridiculous. I think it's very plucky of her, you know. From a selfish point of view, I should be very glad if she would give up globe-trotting; but then it wouldn't do to tell her so. It's no business of mine, you see."

"No business of yours, Mr. De Wynt?"

The little man laughed. "Well, Mrs. Vidal, I think you know what my hopes—if I may venture to call them hopes—are. I haven't made much secret of them, anyhow. You think me faint-hearted, but you make a mistake. I'm nothing of the kind, and I would ask her to be my wife to-morrow, if I didn't know that it would be worse than useless. I've often thought over what you said about my asserting myself; but I am convinced that the time hasn't come for me to do that with any chance of success."

"It seems to me that you have just as good a chance now as you will have next year; and Georgina herself once told me that she could never respect a man who didn't make her obey him," said Clare, diplomatically suppressing a portion of the statement referred to.

"Ah, that's because she takes an altogether wrong view of marriage. According to my notion, there ought not to be any question of commanding or obeying on either side."

So Mr. De Wynt, whose admiration for Mrs. Vidal was second only to the admiration which he felt for her sister-in-law, grew to be as steady a frequenter of the house in Alexandra Gardens as he had been earlier in the year. He soon discovered that things were not going quite smoothly there, and, by dint of making use of his eyes and ears, arrived at a tolerably clear understanding of the facts; after which it became his chief object to divert Mrs. Vidal's thoughts from her grievances. He was himself a very simple, honest, and clean-living little fellow; but he had seen too much of the world to be greatly scandalized or indignant at Vidal's supposed infidelity. He only thought, as Lord St. Austell had done, that the man had shocking bad taste, and so dismissed him from his mind. But that Mrs. Vidal should be made unhappy gave him greater concern, and he immediately set his brains to work to devise consolations for her. His strategy was of a very transparent kind; but she lent herself to it, accepting, not ungratefully, his well-meant efforts to cheer her up.

"There are some rather good pictures at the French Artists this year, they say," he remarked one afternoon; "I wish you would take me to see them, Mrs. Vidal. And, Vidal, you'll come too, won't you?"

Adrian answered that he would with pleasure, but when the next morning came he told Clare that he was afraid he could hardly manage it. "You see, I have a lot of things to do, and I can't well sacrifice a whole afternoon. But I am sure De Wynt will be delighted to look after you, and I'll join you at the gallery if I can."

Clare said, "Very well." She never inquired now how Adrian spent his time; but he was accustomed to speak of himself as being very busy, and latterly he had taken to lunching at his club, so that she did not often see him between the hours of breakfast and dinner. She supposed that he was a good deal at the office of the *Anglo-Saxon*, and had hardly expected that he would be able, as he said, to "sacrifice a whole afternoon" to her.

As for De Wynt, she knew that he never wearied of company in which he could freely ventilate his dreams of future bliss, and indeed he embarked upon the familiar theme as soon as they were out in the street.

"I wish we had Miss Vidal with us," he began. "She is a first-rate judge of a picture, and she would have told us what to admire and why to admire it. You can always depend upon her, don't you know. If she begins to talk about a subject, you may be sure she understands it, and if she doesn't know anything about it she'll say so like a shot. I think I never met any one so perfectly honest as she is."

Clare made the perfunctory murmur of approbation which she knew was expected of her. She had heard this eulogium pronounced a dozen or so of times already, and one can't always work one's self up to enthusiasm over the virtues of one's friends.

"And genuine honesty isn't such a common thing, you know," De Wynt went on. "Look at me, for instance. I don't think I'm more of an impostor than my neighbors; but I shouldn't like to admit that I was utterly ignorant about art. In fact, I don't see how one could get on in society at all without being rather a humbug in some ways."

"That is just what I think," agreed Clare, with more animation; "and that is why I don't like society."

"Yes; but if one does like society—as I confess that I do—and if one wants to be liked by society in return, it isn't possible to be quite so outspoken as Miss Vidal."

"You will have to cure her of it," remarked Clare, with a smile.

"Oh no," answered De Wynt, quite seriously; "I should never attempt that. If I ever have the good luck to be her husband, I know very well that she will cause me some moments of intense anguish by telling my friends plainly what she thinks of them, and so on; but that is not the sort of thing that I should ask her to give up. One mustn't try to alter people's natures. My notion of marriage, as I was saying to you the other day, is that there ought to be a good deal of give and take about it. It isn't fair that one of two people should be always dictating to the other; and I am persuaded that the real reason why so many couples who should be the best of friends don't get on is that they won't agree to differ upon certain points."

"You allow that each side has a right to make conditions, though."

"Certainly; only they should be as few as possible, and they should be made beforehand. And, do you know, Mrs. Vidal, I think that, even if the conditions were not always observed very strictly, it would be just as well to take no notice. If people really care for each other, they can afford to overlook occasional breaches of contract; don't you think so? Anyhow, it's better to do that than to be at loggerheads. Now I know a man, as good a fellow as ever stepped, and his wife is charming in every way—only, unfortunately, they don't quite hit it off, so that they are anything but happy together. And I believe it is all because he did something that offended her long ago. Perhaps he was rather too attentive to another woman, or it may have gone beyond a little attention, I don't know. At all events, he would be only too thankful to make friends again; and so, I fancy, would she. But she chooses to stand upon her dignity; and so—there it is."

Clare had no difficulty in guessing to whom these observations were intended to apply, but she was not offended; indeed, it was hardly possible to be offended with so ingenuous a moralist. "I have no doubt," said she, "that nine men out of ten would agree with you as to what the injured person's conduct ought to be in that particular case; but supposing that it had been the lady who had received a little attention—or something that had gone beyond a little attention—from another man?"

"Ah, that's complicating the question unnecessarily. All I meant to say was that it is wisest to shut your eyes to the defects of those whom you love and who love you, and when you can't do that any longer—well, to forgive them."

"And how many times is one to forgive?"

"Seventy times seven, Mrs. Vidal," answered the little man, stoutly. But the moderation of his nature compelled him to add, under his breath: "Though I must say that's rather a large order. Twelves in four hundred and ninety—h'm! once a month for upward of forty years. No; I should hope one wouldn't be required to forgive upon such a very extensive scale as that."

But Clare did not notice this muttered recantation. Her companion's reply had taken her somewhat aback, and had caused her to ask herself whether, after all, she was justified in insisting upon what she still considered to be her right. And did it matter very much whether she was justified or not? Secretly she had hoped all along that Adrian would give in, just as he had hoped that she would do so; and it had not been without dismay that she had observed how perfectly well able he was to enjoy life without giving in. Almost she felt inclined to withdraw what she had said at Cardrew, to be reconciled with her husband, and to throw herself upon his generosity, which surely would not fail her.

Thus revolving many thoughts in her mind, she walked on, while De Wynt, who had resumed his discourse, held forth to inattentive ears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"A JOLLY LOT."

MR. J. G. BROWN, N.A., exhibits in the current display at the National Academy of Design a most interesting picture, entitled "A Jolly Lot," of which an engraving is given on page 249 of this issue. MR. BROWN enjoys a deserved popularity for his work, which is distinctive and original in quality, and always marked by the most conscientious and faithful study. His themes are simple, sometimes leaning in the direction of homely pathos or wholesome sentiment, but more commonly pervaded by an agreeable and kindly humor. His boys are boys; he paints them naturally and without affectation, and his pictures have always some note of general interest, and find the most wide-spread and the most loyal of audiences.

DR. CUYLER.

THE Rev. Dr. THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER received on Monday of last week a flattering testimonial of the esteem of his brother ministers of the Gospel and of the wide circle of his friends and acquaintances in general. The testimonial was in the form of a reception, which was held in the lecture-room of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. CUYLER is the pastor, and the occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the beginning of his ministry in Brooklyn. Amid the profusion of flowers and greenery which decorated the room hung an object which was strangely contrasted with these surroundings. It was a spade. A bunch of ribbons was tied to it, and in the handle were branded the figures "1860—1885." It was the spade used in breaking the ground for the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in the year first indicated.

Dr. CUYLER's wife, to whom he has been married for more than thirty years, stood by her husband's side, and together they received a host of friends. Dr. CUYLER was addressed by Mr. JOHN N. BEACH, President of the Board of Trustees of the Lafayette Avenue Church, and Mayor LOW and the Rev. Dr. RICHARD S. STORRS made addresses. In beginning his brief response, Dr. CUYLER spoke with much feeling of his work in the cause of temperance and in the ministry. JOHN G. WHITTIER was among those who sent messages of congratulation.

In the last twenty-five years Dr. CUYLER has preached 2300 sermons, and made more than 1000 addresses, officiated at 570 marriages, baptized 802 children, and received into the church 3610 persons, of whom 1566 were converts. He has written 2700 articles for religious journals, and published ten volumes.

REV. DR. WILLIAMS.

THE Rev. Dr. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, who died of pneumonia on April 1, was the pastor of the Amity Baptist Church in this city for fifty-two years. He was born in New York on October 14, 1804, his father being the Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, a Welshman, who was pastor of the Oliver Street Baptist Church for twenty-seven years. Dr. WILLIAMS graduated from Columbia College in 1823, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced for some years, when he entered the ministry. He was a man celebrated for great learning and for unaffected goodness and piety. It is related that a Presbyterian minister once, on being asked who was the greatest of the New York clergy, replied, "If piety, humility, comprehensive scholarship, wide acquaintance with history, unusual attainments in literature, together with a refined taste and rare genius as a writer, constitute a great man, then WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, of the Baptist Church, is the man for whom you inquire." His library, comprising many thousand volumes, was celebrated among book collections for its scope and for the unvarying excellence of its material. Dr. WILLIAMS was an untiring reader, and as a scholar occupied a high rank. He was a writer of power, polished and classical in his methods, and capable of applying in an interesting manner the wide learning which he possessed. While he was still engaged in the practice of law he wrote an address entitled "Conservative Principles in Our Literature"; and a volume of *Miscellanies* written by him, another on *Religious Progress*, a series of lectures on the Lord's Prayer, and his published sermons and addresses hold a high place in religious literature. Throughout his ministry his pastoral work was performed with unremitting zeal.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE.

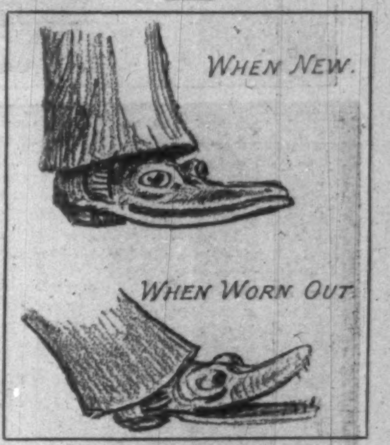
THE President's appointment of Mr. NORMAN J. COLMAN to be Commissioner of Agriculture has been received with satisfaction. Mr. COLMAN is a citizen of Missouri, and well fitted for the duties of the office. His selection was not due to partisan considerations. The scope of the department of the Commissioner of Agriculture was largely increased last year. The Bureau of Animal Industry was organized, with the object of investigating the extent, the nature, and the means of combating outbreaks of communicable diseases among the domesticated animals of the country; and demands for information on these subjects came from many quarters. An extended microscopic investigation of American pork was made, in order to ascertain what foundation there was for the charge that trichinous infection originated in America. The Bureau of Gardens and Grounds introduced, propagated, and distributed thousands of plants. The Bureau of Statistics collected facts bearing upon the rapidity of agricultural progress and its local irregularities. The Bureau of Botany distributed specimens of plants, seeds, fruits, and grasses to agricultural colleges, and answered inquiries from correspondents. The Bureau of Entomology made important discoveries as to the destruction of forest trees by insects. The Bureau of Forestry gathered valuable information as to the kind of trees the planting of which had been attended with success. "The great pine forests of the Northwest," says the last annual report, "are now depleted to such an extent that the Southern pine is brought into competition with it in the Chicago market, and perceptible inroads have already been made upon those vast forests which cover so large a portion of the Gulf States. The same reckless and wasteful methods of lumbering are pursued there which have so rapidly consumed the Northern and Western forests. This condition of things makes more imperative every year the endeavor to preserve the forests which form a part of the public domain, and so to guard and control them by law as to make them of greatest and most lasting benefit to the country." Mr. COLMAN may be expected to be heard from on these and kindred topics to the advantage of the people of the United States.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE gifts to American colleges from twenty individuals aggregate more than $23,000,000. Stephen Girard, Johns Hopkins, and Asa Packer gave $14,000,000 among them. Henry F. Durant gave $1,000,000 to Wellesley College, whose under-graduates have afforded material for fervent poetry to all the college papers in the land.

It is a pretty old story. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* attaches it to an old gentleman from one of the northern parishes of Louisiana who wished to learn his way from the railroad station to the St. Charles Hotel. It is told here of Thackeray. When he came here to lecture, and while he was stopping at the Astor House, he expressed to the clerk of the hotel a desire to see a Bowery boy, a genus of which he had heard a good deal. There happened to be a Bowery boy loafing picturesquely near at hand, and the clerk pointed him out to the eminent Englishman. Thackeray approached the specimen, and observed to him, "My good fellow, I would like to go to the Battery." "Well," returned the specimen, expectorating felicitously without removing his cigar, "yer can go, but don't stay more'n half an hour. Dinner's 'most ready, an' yer want ter be on hand."

An absent-minded school-master of Connecticut, according to a correspondent of the Norwich *Bulletin*, recently went in a hurry for a hod of coal and a pail of water, to save his wife the labor, just as the school bell was tolling. Entering the house at a gallop, the hod in one hand and the pail in the other, he set the coal carefully in the sink, and poured the water into the stove. No harm came of the disposition of the hod, but the accompanying operation blew fissures in the stove, filled the kitchen with ashes and steam, and burned the school-master so severely that he was compelled to remain done up in linen bandages for a week. At the end of that time he observed, "Absence of mind is a form of idiocy of which a sensible man ought to be heartily ashamed."


WHEN NEW.
WHEN WORN OUT.

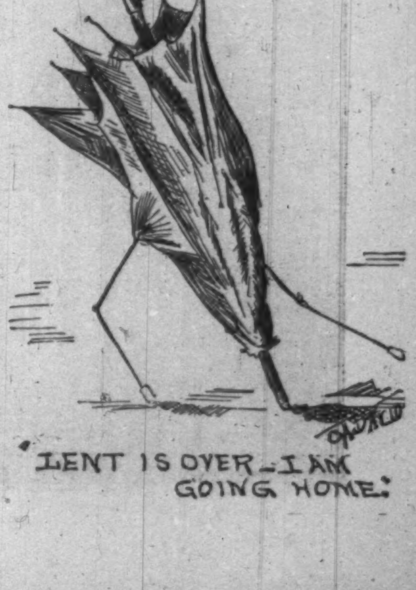
THE LATEST FROM FLORIDA.

The annual income of Amherst College is $70,000.

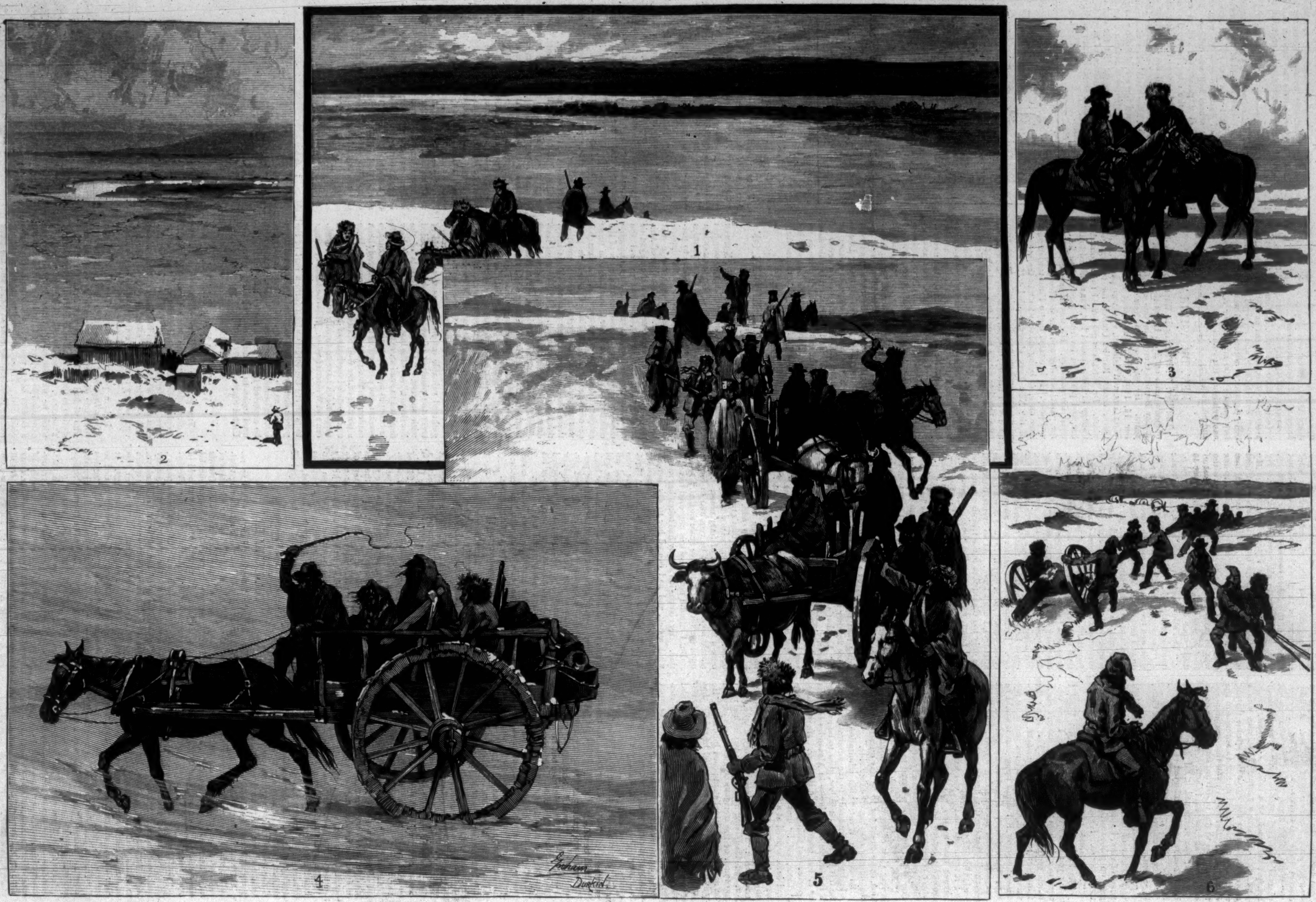
There is waiting at the disposition of the Paris Academy of Science a prize of 100,000 francs, which was left by M. Bréant in 1849, with the instruction that it should go to anybody who should find an efficacious remedy for Asiatic cholera, or who should discover the cause of the terrible scourge.

Nineteen candidates for the Columbia College boat crew are now in training. The average age of the young men is twenty years, the average weight nearly 155 pounds, and the average height five feet nine and a half inches. For the Freshman crew there are twenty-three candidates in training.

The statement is made that Americans make up one-eighth of all the students at the German universities. If the statement ran, "all the members," instead of "all the students," it would be quite credible. It is easy for an American, or for any foreigner, to become a member. The German applicant must be a graduate of the Gymnasium, but the foreigner has only to present his passport, or a line from the minister or the nearest consul representing the nation to which he belongs, and to pay a few marks, in order to get his matriculation papers, printed in rotund Latin, and a card vouching that he is responsible in case of misbehavior to the university authorities, and not to the local police. His status as a "student" gives him many privileges, and at the same time he is not required to attend any lectures or to do anything else that a young man in good health and with a fair appetite for beer can not do. It is the graduation ceremony that shows what a man has been doing. Americans do not constitute one-eighth of all the graduates of German universities.

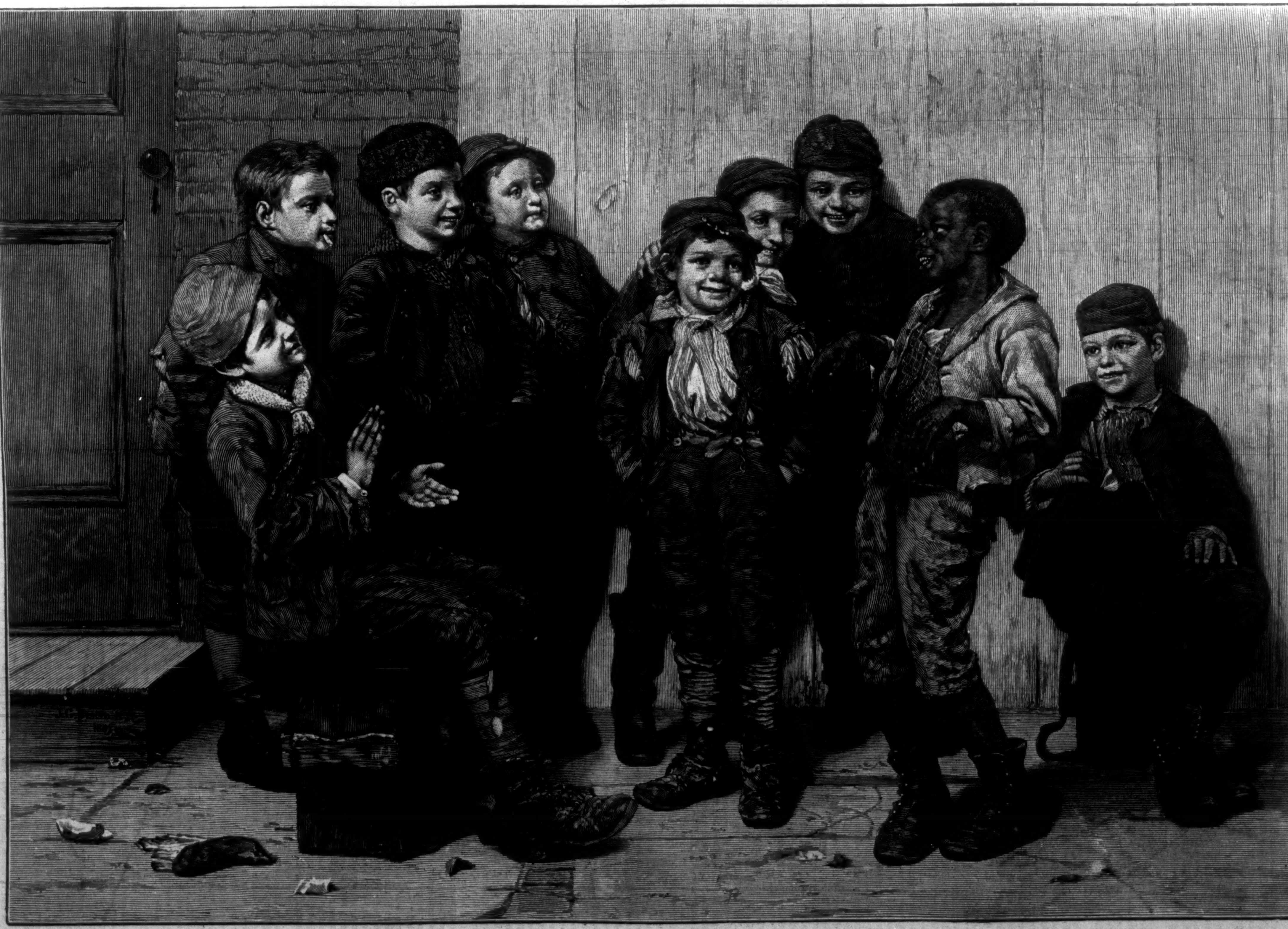


"LENT IS OVER—I AM GOING HOME."



THE RIEL REBELLION—SCENES IN THE SASKATCHEWAN COUNTRY.—Drawn by Charles Graham and John Durkin.—[See Page 251.]

1. Qu'Appelle Lake and River. 2. Fort Qu'Appelle and Valley. 3. Scouts. 4. A Half-breed's Cart. 5. On the Road to join Riel. 6. Half-breed Artillerymen.



"A JOLLY LOT."—From a Painting by J. G. Brown, N. A.—[See Page 247.]

LOVE AND LIGHTNING.

LETTY BROOKS put aside the white muslin curtain and looked out of the little window of the telegraph office at Smyrna station as the afternoon accommodation puffed and rattled up to its stopping-place.

"Who's come, sis?" spoke a very young boy, whose likeness proclaimed near kinship to the girl, and whose manner readily determined him as that most unpleasant variety of the genus, a privileged brother.

"Nobody you know, Sammy," replied the sister, vainly imagining that she had thus satisfied an inquiry born of only too shrewd interpretation of the expectant glance with which her face had greeted the incoming train. "Run out and get the paper."

"Oh no! Billy Johnson ain't running, and of course there ain't nobody there," retorted the boy, and with this crudely humorous allusion to the supposed favor with which Letty regarded a certain young engine-driver, he uncurled himself from the table and tumbled out the door to do her bidding.

For all topographical purposes, Smyrna station is but a small dot on the railway map, and its function in the great economy of traffic and transportation is that of a depot of wood and water for the refreshment of the motive power of freight trains. The iron bond of a long single track unites in wedlock two cities who quarrel like husband and wife for supremacy as the commercial metropolis, while similarly joined in indissoluble interests; and the little village, too far distant from either to share in contingent greatness, and even lacking the independent importance of a half-way station, quietly sleeps between its hills, with its river trailing off at one side, awakened twice daily by the shriek of the fast express, and occasionally contributing a passenger to the leisurely accommodation-train. In winter there really seems no reason for its existence, and it hibernates, its sub-tropical name being mocked by the reigning desolation. In summer there is a certain awakening of agriculture and a re-appearance of natives in cotton shirts and pantaloons. At this season, too, there is the advent of the city scions of two of the formerly great families of the neighboring country, who keep green the memories of their bucolic ancestors by occupying the homesteads, stately in an old-fashioned way, with two-storied columns across their broad fronts, that stand on the heights at the other end of the town.

Summer it is, and the very heat of it, when Miss Florence Van Amden shakes the creases and the cinders from her pongee travelling suit, after alighting from the train, with a weary look on her veiled face and a begrimed novel in her gloved hand; and Letty, from behind her curtain, knows that this solitary passenger is Miss Florence Van Amden as well as do Tom Porter and his sister, who have come to meet the traveller with the family carriage. For although this lady is unaccompanied, she has by no means come unheralded. Care is necessary in the consignment of such precious goods; and this is the reason that Letty, peering out from the window of the telegraph office, wears a face on which realized anticipation rather than surprise appears, as the travel-dusted figure sweeps across the platform. For Letty is the repository of all the secrets that flash from town to town along the humming wires. She has but to turn the switch of the little instrument resting on her desk, and there pour forth prices current and political nominations, orders for arrest on their way to outstrip the criminal in his flight and kindly messages of friendly appointment, brief tales of death and congratulations on the coming of the first-born, all ticked out in the unsympathetic monotone whose dots and dashes and silences speak words to her trained ear.

It is the railroad that has given Smyrna its telegraph; and Letty's occupation is so generally confined to the business of the road—to receiving orders from the train-dispatcher to "hold No. 7," to "keep the track clear for down special," or that "No. 4 has the right of way to Flaxborough," which it is her duty to copy in triplicate and deliver to the station-master—that a purely social message, coming direct to Smyrna and stopping there, instead of careering on to the end of the line, makes an impression on her memory. There have been at least a score of these unusual messages, all relating to Miss Van Amden's visit, which Letty has sent to Squire Porter's great house, until she at last beholds the subject of so much dispatching descend from the train.

Socially considered, Miss Van Amden is a more important subject of description than the telegraph operator of Smyrna station. Especially would she be so were she at this moment attired in some one of the toilettes hidden in the mountainous trunk before which the station-master of this unsophisticated village stands aghast. But all that Letty sees, as the traveller lifts her veil to kiss Tom's sister, and extends a hand to Tom himself, is a handsome dark face surmounting a graceful figure, whose good points have not suffered obscuration at the hands of any unskillful modiste. Then they all vanish with the rattle of laughter and carriage wheels.

Letty settles herself back in her chair with a little sigh, and plies a palm-leaf fan, as if to blow away a bit of a cloud that seems to have sprung up from nothing, as clouds do, on her pretty face. It might be supposed that she is jealous, were her prettiness sufficient to justify such indulgence in the luxury of feeling. And if her pink cheeks and yellow curls have been really the attraction that has kept Tom Porter dangling with compliments about her path to and from the station all the season, it is only natural that she should feel a certain anxiety on the introduction of black eyes and brunette beauty on the scene. Tom's attentions have already plunged the station-master into a savage gloom, whose outward manifestations take the form of a strange hostility to the baggage of innocent passengers; and if Squire Porter had known what terrible thoughts racked the soul of Billy Johnson, the engine-driver, he would never have risked the safety of his family on the rails behind that one of Letty's lovers, who, to tell the truth, was the most favored.

As the case stood, however, Letty's heart had expanded toward Tom Porter, under the light attentions of that young man, just enough to permit her to owe him a grudge should he transfer his fancy; and this, with an intuition not surprising under the circumstances, she foresaw would be the result.

To say that Letty turned with gratitude and satisfaction to the assured affection of her engine-driving admirer would be to do injustice to her capacity for ambition which the squire's son had aroused; and as she fluttered her fan she blew up a little flame of animosity against all of them together. Nor was she far wrong in her estimate of the situation. The houses of Porter and Amden were in no way averse to an alliance that seemed the most natural thing in the world, and a match whose possibility had been foreshadowed in the winter gayeties of the city would receive impulse in the rural festivities of the summer to the gratification of all concerned.

The gossips of Smyrna soon had this business, as well as much more pertaining to equally private affairs of the neighborhood, high and low, satisfactorily arranged. It was not determined by this authority whether the wedding was to take place before the close of the season or early in the winter. Preference was generally given to the later date; and this was the news which Sammy one day brought his sister, the development of the talent of gossip-bearing having a commencement in early youth among the Smyrniotes.

Sammy was, indeed, a precocious child, and would perhaps have been a more valuable member of society than one ought to be at his age had it not been for the compensating circumstance that his precocity was wholly unreliable. He was at once useful and dangerous, amusing and exasperating; and never did these qualities expand and glorify themselves as among the events with which he managed to connect himself this summer. The mysteries of telegraphy were never too deep for his probing, as the arcana of love was not too sacred for his investigation and mastery. He not only had, for a small boy, a wonderfully accurate comprehension of his sister Letty's romantic tendencies, but he also developed a practical usefulness as the Ariel to speed with her messages, and the Caliban to scrub the corroded metal elements of her battery.

While the summer days passed quietly and hotly enough at the station, the augmented household at Squire Porter's spread itself over the country round about in daily junketing of the most hilarious sort. Such a genius for picnics, such a talent for fishing, such an endurance in mountaineering, as Miss Van Amden showed herself to possess would have captivated the great Pan himself, and Tom Porter, who was a worshipper of the woodland deity, found his devotion turning more and yet more strongly toward this handsome priestess. Talk of the glamour of gas-light and hot-house flowers, of the infatuation of the dance in crowded ball-rooms, of all the fascinations of stereotyped fame! why, a young woman of good parts can work more havoc in a fortnight of rural pleasuring than in a whole season of artificial campaigning.

If Tom Porter did not confess to this fact in so many words, it was none the less true that Miss Van Amden conquered him within a week after her arrival at Smyrna, and dragged him a willing captive over hill and valley, attuning his soul to what he imagined to be concord with nature, but what was in reality the romance of his own heart. It was on their return from a mountain party, filled but not surfeited with picturesque views, that the two found themselves in advance of the rest, walking alone.

"There are the carriages just ahead of us," said Tom. "Suppose we sit down here and wait for Milly and the others?"

"What a pity we left them so far behind!" suggested Miss Van Amden, affecting to adjust her jaunty hat at a more sedate angle.

"Not a bit of it; I had almost forgotten they were anywhere in the world," replied the young man, eagerly and unsuspectingly accepting the suggestion his companion had so delicately hinted. "Let's imagine we have quite stepped out of it ourselves for a few minutes longer. They will come soon enough, and then we go home to dinner and civilization again."

"Do I look very uncivilized now?" asked the girl, glancing up in Tom's face as she sank on an old tree trunk by the side of the road.

"No, I can't say that you do," replied Tom, with a glow of genuine admiration. "It is something altogether better than that."

"Sit down here by me, and I'll spare you telling me what it is. You were never very bright in analyzing your impressions."

"But there are some feelings that I can analyze well enough, Florence," said the young man, seating himself, not by her side, but on the moss at her feet. "If at first I couldn't tell myself what made our trip so pleasant up this mountain two weeks ago, I believe I know it now."

"Do you?" she said, softly, and as if unconscious that Tom's hand had sought hers, and displaced a frond of sweet-fern in order to possess her fingers.

"Yes; I know it only too surely, Florence. May I tell it to you?"

Florence's firm brunette face, with its lightly disarranged hair, in which was stuck a fiery cardinal-flower, seemed more beautiful than ever as it was half turned from Tom. Her eyes rather than her lips gave the desired permission. Tom had now both her hands in his, and was gazing with a lover's admiration at the lovely cheek whose curve rounded against the dark hair so softly. He was no epicure in sentiment, and was very much in earnest just then; but he delayed one instant from pure ecstasy at the sensation. His heart was thumping furiously, and in another moment he would have become eloquent, at least to Florence's ears, had not a sudden splash, accompanied by the shriek of a childish voice, broken in upon the silence and the sentiment of the occasion.

Perhaps there was no necessity of a formal completion of Tom's remarks; certainly there was no opportunity. For the cries continued, and the young man was speedily dashing down the hill-side, through the bushes, toward the stream that flowed a few rods from where the lovers had seated themselves.

It was the work of an instant for Tom's long arms to drag out a kicking and struggling boy from what might have been a watery grave had the brook been deeper, but which was earthy enough in fact, to judge by the amount of clayey soil clinging to the wet garments of the involuntary bather.

"There you are, Sammy!" said Tom, as he put the dripping boy on his legs for drainage purposes. "What in the world have you been doing here?"

"Fishin'."

"Do you chase the fish into the water?"

"No; I scoop 'em up. There's my hat now," and the young fisherman pointed out that article, escaped from employment as a net, floating down the stream, gyrating through eddies and around rocks, and slowly filling with water.

"Take off your jacket and wring it out," said Tom, chasing the vagrant hat with his mountain staff, and rescuing it just as it became water-logged. Then, seizing the soaked garment in the boy's hands, and giving it a twist that would have done credit to the squire's laundry-woman, he exclaimed:

"Why didn't you take the things out of your pockets? What's this?"

It was only a yellow envelope well soaked.

"Oh, that's the dispatch Letty gave me to carry up to your house," said the boy. "I was a-goin' there."

"By the way of the brook? Sammy! Sammy! what if the fish had eaten you!"

"What is it, Tom?" called Florence's voice from the bank above them.

"A dispatch for father. He has left on the train two hours ago," said Tom, looking at his watch. "And here"—carefully spreading out the wet copy on his knee—"they want him at the other end of the line. Well, I can attend to this business as well as he could, but I must get to the station in thirty minutes. Will you forgive me if I leave you to the care of the other folks? Here they come now. Tumble in, Sammy; I'll take you home;" and while speaking Tom had unfastened one of the teams. "Good-by, and God bless you, Florence. Meet me at the station with the carriage when the down express comes in to-morrow. I wouldn't go a step now unless I knew it ought to be done for father."

Miss Van Amden's hand was still tingling with Tom's fervent grasp when Tom himself and his small companion had clattered out of sight along the road toward the station.

The evening at Squire Porter's mansion was a dull one for this young lady, and she arose the next morning under the possession of that indefinable unpleasantness of general sensation which we know by the name of a presentiment. Not even the memory of that scene in the woods the day before offset the disagreeable and persistent impression that something was about to happen. She had Dorothy, the girls' quiet horse, harnessed up more than two hours before the express was due, and drove off to make the circuit of the Blue Hill before meeting Tom at the station.

Down by the railroad it was seasonably hot. The reflection from the long line of rails stretching into the distance quivered in the heated air that rose from the yellow sand embankments. The vast stores of pine-wood piled beside the track sent out balsamic odors as it baked under the rays of the sun. The crane-like spout that fed the locomotives from the tank at the end of the freight-house stood erect and parched as the throat of Tantalus. Letty plied her palm-leaf fan, and sighed for the thunder-showers which the telegraphic friend at her elbow—only a hundred and fifty miles distant—had just announced as clearing the air in that more favored locality.

The accommodation had passed. The up express had stopped for water and gone its way. Two freight trains had lumbered by. The afternoon was well advanced, when "thunder-caps" began to pile up from behind the hills, and Letty imagined that she sniffed moisture and freshness in the air.

"It 'll be a ripper when we do get it," remarked the station-master, looking in at Letty's window. "There's a tremendous black streak round at the west."

From that quarter there was rising a dark screen with ragged edges, pushed up from below, and steadily cutting away the bright sky. The spruces on the high hill-sides caught the voice of the messenger winds sent in advance of the tempest, and whispered it to the valleys below. A whiff of the breeze reached the station just as the edge of the storm-cloud gashed the disk of the sun. It was followed by another, whirling little eddies of dust from the repose in which they had been left beside the track by the last passing train. Then the wind began to blow more steadily, and Letty shut down her window with prudent precaution, calling to Sammy as she did so.

Sammy did not respond; but at the moment of closing the window the sound of a carriage rapidly driven and drawing up hastily at the station fell upon her ear. No train was due at this hour, and it must be some one seeking shelter under the carriage shed from the approaching storm.

Suddenly the door of her little office was swung violently open, and on the threshold stood the young lady whose arrival she had watched from behind her curtain little more than two weeks before. She was pale now and agitated.

"Where is the man—the station-master—the one in charge here?" asked Miss Van Amden, hurriedly, breaking in before Letty had time to formulate the haughty little salutation that was rising to her lips.

"He has gone home for a few minutes, but will return before the express arrives. Do you wish a ticket?"

"No! no! no!" cried Florence, with as near an approach to wringing her hands as women of this day know. "I want to save lives! There is a great land-slide on the track. I saw it as I came around Blue Hill, and drove on as fast as I could to get help. What must we do? Quick! quick!" and the excited girl grasped Letty's arm and almost shook her.

Letty's experience in the business of running a railroad by telegraph stood her in good stead at this crisis, and her sense of superiority to the situation was evident in the calmly frigid air which she opposed to her companion's eager anxiety. She even indulged in a sort of self-complacent contempt for the frightened helplessness of Miss Van Amden, while conscious of her own power to stay all disaster with a single movement of her hand.

"There is no hurry," she replied, with such dignity as her little figure and bird-like voice were capable of expressing. "The express is not due at Flaxborough for fifteen minutes yet, and I shall telegraph to hold it there until the track is cleared. There is no other train on this section except the up accommodation, which stops here. If you expect any friends on either, you needn't be alarmed."

She seated herself at the table, and touched the telegraph key with that graceful motion which displays a shapely hand more effectively than any other employment except violin-playing. She "called" the station at Flaxborough. But as her fingers rattled off the familiar dots and dashes her practiced ear detected the fact that no message followed along the wire in consequence. She examined the switch, and quickly tightened a screw. Again no life came at her manipulation. The spirit of the telegraph had fled.

Quickly rising, Letty went to the closet in which the local battery was kept, and if the empty cells had not been enough to explain the situation, the appearance of Sammy at the door, with an approbative expression on his face and two neatly cleansed copper cups in his hand, would have left no doubt as to the cause of the impotence of her instrument. Zealous to atone for his short-comings of the day before, the useful boy had taken this occasion to perform for his sister the somewhat dirty service of scouring out the battery.

"Oh, Sammy, what have you done?" cried Letty, now as pale as Miss Van Amden.

"Cleaned 'em up," answered the boy; "that's all."

"Oh dear! oh dear! you meddlesome, wicked child. I put the last drop of acid in this morning, and now you have poured it all away."

"Get some more," suggested Sammy.

"Don't talk to me," retorted Letty. "They were to send me some by the express this afternoon, and until I get it the wires are useless."

"Wait till it comes, then," was Sammy's rejoinder.

"You don't know what you are talking about. Run just as fast as you can to Mr. Jones's, and tell him there is an accident on the road, and he must hurry here. Run along!" and she pushed him out at the door.

The station-master came in haste, heralded by a clap of thunder and accompanied by the loud pattering of the first rain-drops.

"What is it, Miss Brooks?" he asked, as he burst into the room.

"This lady has just come around the Blue Hill, and says there is a land-slide across the track. The wires won't work, and the down express is due at half past."

"Where is the slide?"

"Just beyond the covered bridge," answered Miss Van Amden.

"Four miles off, and in a bad place." The station-master looked at his watch. "The express is due at Flaxborough in five minutes, and here in twenty-five. We can't get there with a signal in time. Try the wires again, Miss Brooks."

Letty tried again, with the same result: the telegraph was mute.

"I'll take your team, and do my best," said the station-master to Miss Van Amden, snatching up a red signal-flag and rushing from the room.

The sound of the increasing storm hid the noise of his departure as he whipped the astonished Dorothy into a speed of which that peaceful animal had never dreamed. It was a hopeless race against time, as one at least of the two girls knew who were crouched on the narrow settee in the waiting-room.

"You didn't have any friends on the express, did you?" at last asked Letty.

"I came to meet Mr. Porter," answered her companion.

"Mr. Porter?—Tom Porter? Is he on that train?" almost shrieked Letty. The girl hardly knew how she ought to feel in view of the evident anguish of the one whom she had now and then regarded in some fashion as a successful rival. Florence's eyes were filled with tears, and it was with very complicated emotions that Letty continued: "Well, I don't mind telling you that Billy Johnson, who runs the express, is a friend of mine, too, and that he will see that slide in time if any man can,"

Within two minutes a great darkness had come over the land. The room was in a lurid twilight, except when fierce flashes of lightning illumined the two scared faces and blinded the girls' eyes for the moment. Between two appalling claps of thunder, Florence asked, nestling up to Letty,

"Is there hope that he will get there in time?"

Letty hesitated to give hope, and as she paused in her answer she heard the three dots that formed the "call" signal for the Smyrna station sharply clicked out on the sounder of her instrument. "S," "S," "S," was repeated in the telegraphic language with rapidity, the signals then running off into a meaningless medley, as if the ghost of some crazy operator was manipulating the key. Letty started to her feet. The chattering ceased; then went on again more wildly than before. The elements themselves were operating her instrument, fantastically choosing for their first experiment the signal of her own station, whose peculiar sound had at once attracted her attention.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Letty.

Here was indeed relief literally from above. The power of which Sammy had ignorantly deprived the wires was supplied by the lightning flashing through the stormy air.

Letty hastily joined the circuit, and called Flaxborough. The lightning did its work, and the answer came. By the clock at Smyrna station, the train driven by Letty's lover and carrying the lover of Florence must at that moment have drawn up by the platform at Flaxborough.

"Hold the express!" were the words that Letty's trembling fingers sent humming on the very wings of the storm. They were repeated back by the operator at Flaxborough.

"Landslide near—" thus the girl was continuing the message on which so many lives depended, when, just as safety was assured, the elements asserted their power as master in the place of servant. A swiftly moving fiery mass seemed to glide along the wire leading to Letty's instrument, noiselessly fused the points of the key under her very hand, and stretched her in a limp heap on the floor.

Florence Van Amden, who, though dazed by the phenomenon and trembling, sprang to the girl's side, dragged her unconscious body out, as well as she might, to the larger room, and opened on it the door which let in the cool, damp torrent of air, comprehended it only as an accident. She understood nothing of the terrible nature of the power which Letty had for a brief moment compelled to her service, and much less did she realize that the little blonde fragile telegraph operator had seated herself at the instrument with a full knowledge of the risk she ran in tampering with the wild elemental force.

So quickly had it all passed, and without explanation, that even then she did not know that her lover, and probably many lives besides his, were saved by the quick wit and the unhesitating heroism of Letty Brooks.

This all came to her later. Letty lay as if dead for long hours. Tom Porter was seated with Florence by his side when she awoke at last to a bewildered consciousness. If that gay young gentleman had at any time indulged in a complacent suspicion that his fascinations had touched the village girl's heart, he was undeceived by her first words.

"Where is he? where have they taken him? Oh! oh!"

"Hush, my dear; he is safe," answered the doctor, at a venture, with professional readiness.

"If you mean Billy Johnson," spoke up Sammy, who seemed to read his sister's thoughts with the wonderful perspicacity of youth, "he's with his engine at Flaxborough, where you stopped him. So you'd better be patient, sis."

"Ah!" sighed Letty, feebly, while two tears showed themselves on a happy face. She had recovered her memory with her life.

When the newspapers from the large towns at either end of the line reached Smyrna the next day, there was no thrilling account of an escape from a great accident on the road. These things are managed better. There was in each a brief mention of the detention of the express for a few hours in consequence of an obstruction on the track, which was promptly removed, the admirable system of train-dispatching having enabled the efficient superintendent to prevent any great delay to travel.

But even this unpretentious item of news was probably read by a greater number than the announcements—which appeared in the usual form just two months later—of the marriage of Thomas Porter and Florence Van Amden, and William Johnson and Letitia Brooks, both of which events, it appears, took place upon the same day, with an interchange of kindly wishes and wedding gifts, of which the public, judging only from the differences in station of the two couples, could, of course, have no knowledge.

FREDERICK TRYON.

THE RIEL REBELLION.

THE events leading to the uprising among the French half-breeds and Indians of the country around Prince Albert, at the junction of the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan River, known as the St. Laurent District, date far back into the period when the whole of this vast Northwest Territory was the virtual empire of the Hudson Bay Company. The agents of the Company and other traders and adventurers have for a century or more visited this region, access being easy by boat through Lake Winnipeg and the broad Saskatchewan River. Prince Albert is some six hundred miles, by way of the river, from its mouth. The half-breeds, who constitute a large percentage of the population, are the descendants of these traders and adventurers—mostly French—and the Indians with whom they dealt. The country is still sparsely settled, the entire white and half-breed population of the region probably not exceeding two thousand to three thousand. The St. Laurent settlement has been recognized as such since 1862.

The half-breeds are described as generally peaceable and law-abiding, and, to the extent of their knowledge, good citizens. Though the beginning of a lumber trade has been made, there being saw-mills at Prince Albert, most of the half-breeds are farmers. It is in reference to their titles to their farms that the present trouble has arisen. Most of them were squatters whose land titles were loosely confirmed by the Hudson Bay Company. After the French-Canadian custom, they settled along the river, each farm having a narrow water frontage, and extending back in a long parallelogram.

By the Manitoba Act of 1870, as a result of the uprising of the year before, each half-breed born in that province before July 1, 1870, was granted 240 acres of land in satisfaction of such ancient titles. But in the case of the St. Laurent and a few other small half-breed settlements lying without the confines of Manitoba no such provision was made or then demanded. Three or four years later, however, they did make such demand of the Dominion government, and when its surveyors came, and ignored the farm boundaries they had established, they began the agitation for their rights which has culminated in the present outbreak. The following bill of rights, adopted at a public meeting in St. Laurent in September last, sets forth their demands upon the Dominion government, though it is stated that they would be satisfied with patents for the lands they now hold, and grants of 240 acres for those among them who have not yet taken up land:

> "First, the subdivision into provinces of the Northwest Territory; second, the half-breeds to receive the same grants and other advantages as the Manitoba half-breeds; third, patents to be issued at once to the colonists in possession; fourth, the sale of half a million acres of Dominion lands, the proceeds to be applied to the establishment in the half-breed settlements of schools, hospitals, and such like institutions, and to the equipment of the poorer half-breeds with seed grain and implements; fifth, the reservation of a hundred townships of swamp land for distribution among the children of half-breeds during the next 120 years; sixth, a grant of at least $1000 for the maintenance of an institution to be conducted by the nuns in each half-breed settlement; and seventh, better provision for the support of the Indians."

Local opinion seems to be divided upon the question whether LOUIS RIEL, the leader of the rebellion, is an adventurer or a patriot. He is unquestionably a man of ability and pluck. He is a half-breed, and was born at Wolf River, Canada. He is a nephew of Bishop TACHE, of Winnipeg, and was himself educated for the priesthood. He was a grocer's clerk in St. Paul in 1866, and is remembered there as a young man of ready wit, good-humor, glib tongue, and snapping black eyes.

In 1867 he went to Winnipeg (then Fort Garry) at the request of his uncle, and becoming interested in the land claims of the half-breeds of that region, was prominent in negotiations with the Dominion government for their settlement, which the latter failing to carry out, he headed the outbreak of 1869, known as the Red River Rebellion. This was easily subdued by Colonel (now General and Lord) WOLSELEY, and RIEL and a few others of his followers made their escape into Montana, although a heavy reward was offered for his head.

Another rising was planned in 1871, but failed, and excepting occasional visits across the line in disguise, RIEL had, until last spring, been a resident of Montana. At the earnest solicitation of the St. Laurent half-breeds, and under promise of their protection and support, he then undertook their cause. He at first advised lawful agitation, and himself endeavored to arrive at an understanding with the Ottawa authorities, the bill of rights above given being one of the means adopted. Finding it impossible to make any headway with claims which had been under consideration for years, he has during the past winter been quietly preparing for the present uprising. The force under his command is variously estimated at from five hundred to fifteen hundred, said to be well drilled and armed with Remington and Winchester rifles and shot-guns.

Being frontiersmen, it goes without saying that they are good marksmen, and with their superior knowledge of the country, and ability to subsist on scant rations, they can not but be dangerous enemies. But there are still other seriously complicating features. They have the silent sympathy of many of the white settlers of the region, who consider that their cause is just. The greatest danger, however, is that the Indians, Crees and Salteux, among whom RIEL is said to have exerted his influence, may rise, in which case many white settlers in no way concerned in the question at issue might suffer. It is a remarkable fact that, owing to the policy of conciliation and good faith uniformly observed by the Hudson Bay Company, there has never been an Indian outbreak in the Northwest Territory. The chiefs reported to have joined the insurrection, LACKY MAN, BIG BEAR, and LITTLE PINE, can muster among them some 3000 warriors. The extreme unpopularity among the Indians as well as the half-breeds of Lieutenant-Governor DEWDNEY lends probability to the apprehension of danger from this quarter.

The country in which the campaign is to be conducted favors the insurgents. It is for the most part a high but wet plateau, so thinly settled as to make it necessary that the invaders shall bring all their own supplies. The rivers occupy the beds of shallow cañons, with sometimes precipitous banks. The only timber is sparse cottonwood and scrub poplar along the streams. There are sloughs of surface water every few miles, expanding here and there, in spite of the elevation, into grass-covered marshes thousands of acres in extent.

The distance from Winnipeg, *viâ* Canadian Pacific, to Qu'Appelle, whence the trail and telegraph line start for the St. Laurent District, is 323 miles, and Regina, whence it is also possible to start, is some fifty miles farther on. From Qu'Appelle to Fort Carolton, before its destruction by fire the military head-quarters of the district, on the North Saskatchewan, is 220 miles across country, the trail lying through the Touchwood Hills. This journey has to be made in the sleighs or wagons of the Hudson Bay Company. Humboldt, on this road, some fifty miles south of Fort Carolton, is the last station with which telegraphic communication is open, the wires north of there having been cut by the rebels. The half-dozen scattering posts of mounted police, with a handful of men in each, have constituted the only means of keeping order in the district. They are a semi-military organization, somewhat resembling the coast-guard, not expected to do much in the way of actual fighting, though probably better prepared to do so in their own territory than are the regulars. Major-General F. D. MIDDLETON, who commands the forces of the government, is a son of the late Major-General CHARLES MIDDLETON, of the Indian service. He first came into prominence as aide-de-camp to General LUGARD at the siege and capture of Lucknow, being five times mentioned in the dispatches. He joined the Twenty-ninth Regiment in Canada in 1868, and was in July of last year appointed commander-in-chief of the Canadian militia.

General MIDDLETON's advance, and an attempt to send re-enforcements to the small besieged garrison at Prince Albert, were delayed by the rebels, who tore up the railroad track for many miles. General MIDDLETON, however, began his advance from Fort Qu'Appelle on the morning of April 6. He had with him the Winnipeg Rifles and a field battery—in all about 350 men. He was exasperated by the delay in the sending of additional troops to him, and determined to push on with what he had. Another battery will be hurried forward to overtake him at Touchwood, and 300 of the Toronto troops will follow in the same line. B, Battery and a second detachment of the Toronto troops will be taken from Swift Current down the South Saskatchewan in barges to meet the main column at Clarke's Crossing. This will make General MIDDLETON's whole force something more than 1200 strong. The trail from Fort Qu'Appelle is said to be in such bad shape that teams can take only light loads. The mud is knee-deep in places. The Queen's Own Rifles and the Grenadiers from Toronto reached Winnipeg at midnight on April 6. The Queen's Own, 240 men, and the men of the batteries, found it a hard road along the uncompleted part of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. With these troops was General LAWRIE, commander of the Halifax garrison, who had offered to serve as second in command of the expedition.

ALEXANDER FISHER, an American half-breed, is RIEL's Chief Commissioner. One of RIEL's messengers, who was captured near Humboldt on April 7, bore a letter from RIEL, which was addressed to the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*. In the letter RIEL asked if it was true that American arms and American citizens were to be used against the half-breeds, and compared the struggle of the American colonists in the Revolution with that of the Canadian insurgents.

DUCK-SHOOTING IN THE WEST.

THE exciting sport of shooting is full of anomalies, one of them being that the amateur duck-shooter has yet to be born who succeeds in visiting the shooting grounds at a time when the professional gunners will admit that he has come in season to hit the flight. Now, I happen to be personally acquainted with many sportsmen—good shots and ardent lovers of wild-fowl shooting—men who for many years have been in a chronic state of "laying low" and daily hobnobbing with the decoys from Canada to Texas, who say that although they have made innumerable excursions to the most famous ducking grounds of this country, it has been their uniform experience to learn on their arrival that they had come either too early or too late to secure the cream of the shooting. For some unaccountable reason—probably unknown even to themselves—"bagmen" and professional duck-shooters are proverbial for dilating only upon the past and on the future. About the present their opinions appear to be very uncertain. An old sportsman declared to me: "There is only one way to satisfy yourself, and that is by going to the shooting place before the birds arrive, and stopping until they have gone. Then it is a hundred to one the inhabitants will tell you that you ought to have been there in 1863, when every one was at the war, or that you should wait until another one broke out. Try your best, you can't please the gunners; so go ahead and please yourself."

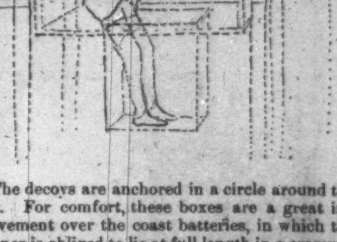
A short time after bottling these sage remarks on a February morning of last year, the wires brought reports of the coming great inundation in the West. That evening I started for the Illinois River, determining for once to be on hand for the spring migration of the fowl on their way from their winter resort in the sunny lagoons of the South to their love bowers in Symsonia and Labrador. The point selected for my stay was the vast submerged lands, some thirty or more miles down the river from Peoria, which section has been patronized by the fowl as a half-way house from time immemorial. Adjacent to and on both sides of the river there are a number of natural lakes and ponds, which in the time of floods become connected, and are converted into an immense sea; while the back-water of the overflow stretches forth on both sides of the river's banks, covers the bottom farm lands, and is not arrested until it reaches the bluffs which rise precipitously a dozen miles away.

This section for many years, and especially that in the immediate vicinity of Clear Lake, has been a famous ducking ground. Comparatively speaking, it is the Havre de Grace of the West, where wild celery and wild rice grow in great abundance, and where for a brief period every spring the royal canvas-back and his prime minister the red-head come to hold their court and exact homage of a web-footed retinue which includes every variety of the anatic and anseric families, from the stately swan to the diminutive page—the green-winged teal.

Now, as it happens that Clear Lake is not in the immediate vicinity of any town, the shooting is therefore not accessible even to the people of Illinois, much less to strangers. The nearest place where one can get accommodation is at a settlement called Liverpool, on the west bank of the river, some six miles "down-stream," and this is too far away from the lake to journey to and from every day. The only resource, therefore, left for the sportsman is to secure a cabin flat-boat, and have it moored on the shooting ground. These house-boats are common on the river, being used as a home for the net fishermen during the summer months. It was in one of these that I took up my quarters in one of the sheltered "pockets," as the indentations of the lake are called. For once, the gunner that I had picked up on the river could not say that the "faawl" had all gone North. The fact is, they were still splashing about in the lagoons of the South. The weather continued cold for a week after my arrival, and then the winter showed signs of rapid dissolution. It began with a terrible down-pour, which lasted three days. Mild weather followed, and the water from the snow-fields of the North precipitated what turned out to be a tremendous overflow. The rising waters first submerged the meadow and marsh lands, and then encroaching on the timber, it seemed as if the forests were sinking out of sight. Then came the fowl. Their approach was heralded for two days by mighty strings of swan, that trumpeted the news of "Here they come." Then the canvas-backs and red-heads circled gracefully into the lake, followed by a retinue of geese, mallards, broad-bills, sprig-tails, gray-ducks, wood-ducks, scaup-ducks, widgeon, and teal. For one whole day great revels were carried on, only interrupted by a lot of Nihilists, disguised as minks, that created great havoc among the followers of royalty.

On the succeeding day the court was broken up. The mallards, sprig-tails, gray-ducks, and wood-ducks retired into the timber to feed on the acorns; the blue-bills and scaup-ducks sought shelter in the "pockets," and the teal went to whistle their merry tunes among the willows, leaving the canvas-backs and red-heads the sole occupants of the open water. The shooting thus fairly opened.

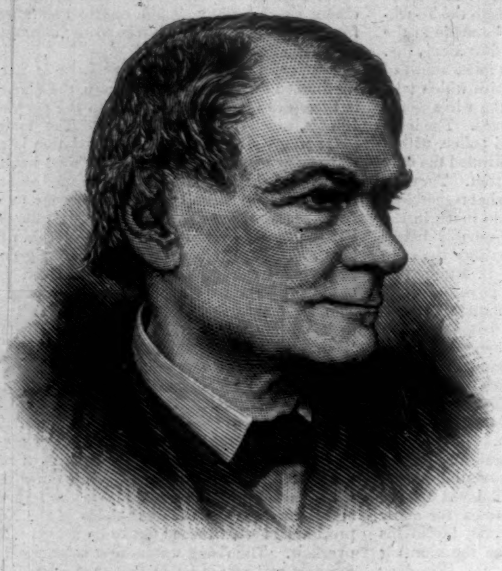
The sport of duck-shooting, as carried on by the Illinois River gunners, is divided into what is known as lake shooting and timber shooting. In the former, the fowl are shot either from blinds made in the branches of the submerged willows, or from sink-boxes located in the open water of the lakes. These boxes are constructed to hold the gunner while in a standing position, and by means of four long stout poles firmly planted in the mud are held down almost to the surface of the water. This contrivance, of course, can only be employed in waters where there is no tide.



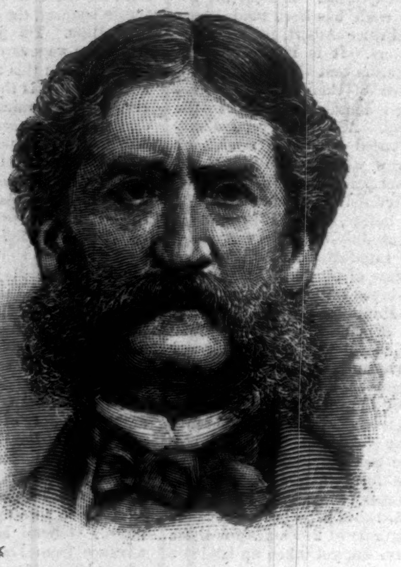
The decoys are anchored in a circle around the box. For comfort, these boxes are a great improvement over the coast batteries, in which the gunner is obliged to lie at full length in a cramped and awkward position, while the sink-box admits of the gunner's whirling with great rapidity and shooting in every direction, which the occupier of a battery can not do except after long practice and with considerable strain. When the sink-box is used, the gunner must have a "tender," that is, a man in a boat to pick up the dead fowl which are drifted away with the current and the wind.

The best bags of canvas-backs and red-heads made in the West are secured from the sink-box, although the birds that first come from the South readily approach the blinds along the shores. Later on, however, when they have been shot at, they become very shy, and then remain in the middle waters of the lakes. The broad-bills and scaup-ducks (whose local appellation is "Black Jack") are easily killed in immense numbers from blinds made in the branches of trees, where the gunner "crotches" his boat. The timber shooting at mallards is distinctly a Western sport, and is only attainable when the forest lands are submerged by the spring and autumn freshets. In this kind of shooting half a dozen decoys are found to be sufficient, or, what is better yet, a pair of live mallards. The duck is tied by one leg in the bow of the boat, while the drake is placed in a little box with a small opening in the lid for his head. The box is painted "log-color," and is placed on a stump. The ducks, being thus separated, keep up a continuous "quacking," and call down the passing flocks. The gunner, whose concealment is not absolutely necessary, providing his clothes are the color of the surroundings, stands quietly by the roots of a fallen snag on the windward side of the decoys, and keeps banging away at the ducks as they swoop down through the tree-tops. The bags made by an expert in this kind of shooting frequently exceed one hundred head.

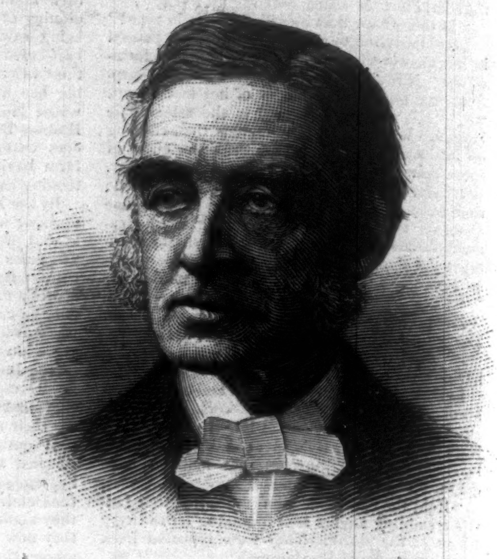
Thus briefly has been told how wild fowl are most commonly shot in the Illinois River district,



THE LATE REV. DR. W. R. WILLIAMS.
Photographed by Kurtz.—[See Page 247.]



THE LATE RICHARD GRANT WHITE.
Photographed by Kurtz.—[See Page 243.]



REV. DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER.
Photographed by Falk, New York.—[See Page 247.]

One day is like another, of course, allowing for the fluctuations of the flight. There is the early start, the plunge in the dark from a comfortable cabin into the chill fog baths which anticipate the sun in ushering in the day; there is the morning concert of the fowl—the opening overture, the deep bass solo by a sleepy old gander, and the squeaky treble duet by a lady teal and a rollicking "Black Jack," the *bravi* of the drake mallards, and the thundering roar of applause made by the clapping of a myriad of wings on the water. The misty curtain rolls back, revealing the distant timber in the east, black as ink, and wonderfully distinct in outline—a silhouette floating in the air. Soon the intervening expanse of water becomes visible, reflecting the inverted beauty of the gorgeously feathered fowl, which are soon to run the gauntlet of a death-dealing fusillade. Restlessly a flock of early risers leave their comrades and dart upward into the clear air. Erratically they wheel into the warm sunlight, and their wings are tinged with gold. Suddenly they whirl. Their unlucky leader has discerned a flock of comrades resting near the shore. He notices not their awkward wobblings and glassy eyes. There is a mighty rush of wings, a clamorous clatter, a faint puff of smoke, and then another, discernible only against the willowy background. "Boom! boom!" is borne down upon the air, and the day's sport has opened. Disturbed by the firing, vast clouds of fowl fill the air. The river's course is but one great skirmish line, and when darkness settles down, hundreds of ducks have paid tribute with their lives to man's love of sport or man's thirst for gain.

Franklin Satterthwaite.

CONCERNING LOGS AND LOGGERS.

The Weekly published recently a page engraving, part of a series upon logging in Wisconsin, in which a team of horses was shown drawing a load of fourteen logs. The drawing was made by Mr. Thule de Thulstrup, and it was interesting and picturesque. From various parts of the country there came communications concerning that load of logs. Some partook of the nature of temperate exhortation, some were the vehicles of gentle censure, and some betrayed the sharp pain of aroused and indignant incredulity. The artist as a matter of fact had not depicted anything extraordinary, so far as concerned the practice and methods of logging in the region with which he had to do; his facts were the commonplace of logging in that region, however startling they might appear to persons unfamiliar with them, or however irritating they might prove to loggers and amateurs of logging in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, or Maine.

Mr. William A. Benedict, of Detroit, Michigan, sends us an interesting and instructive photograph, of which an engraving is given below, and he writes as follows:

"I read with interest your two very instructive as well as graphic accounts of lumbering in northern Wisconsin, and take pleasure in mailing you a photograph of the largest load of pine logs ever hauled by any one team of horses in the pine woods of Michigan. The load consisted of twenty logs, all of which were sixteen feet in length, and scaled 14,595, *board measure*. This immense load was hauled a distance of four miles, from one of the numerous camps of the Gratwick, Smith, & Fryer Lumber Company, and banked in Otsego Lake, Michigan.

"Detroit, Michigan, *April* 8, 1885."

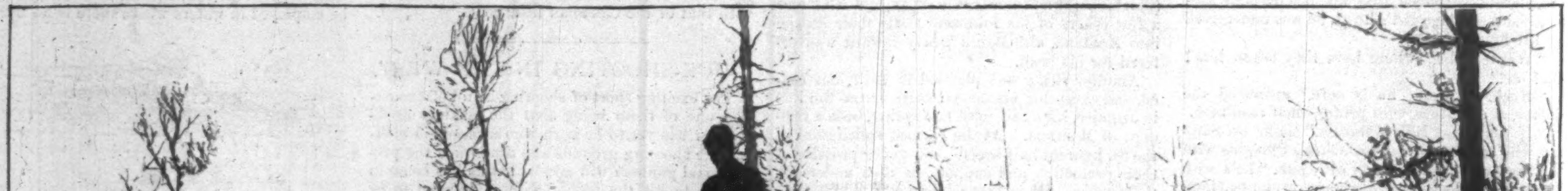
Mr. R. Prentice also writes us from Prentice, Price County, Wisconsin:

"Seeing some criticisms upon the picture of a load of logs published in your paper, and referred to in others, please allow me to give you a few facts regarding work in camp, which will not be for one load only, but an average for one week.

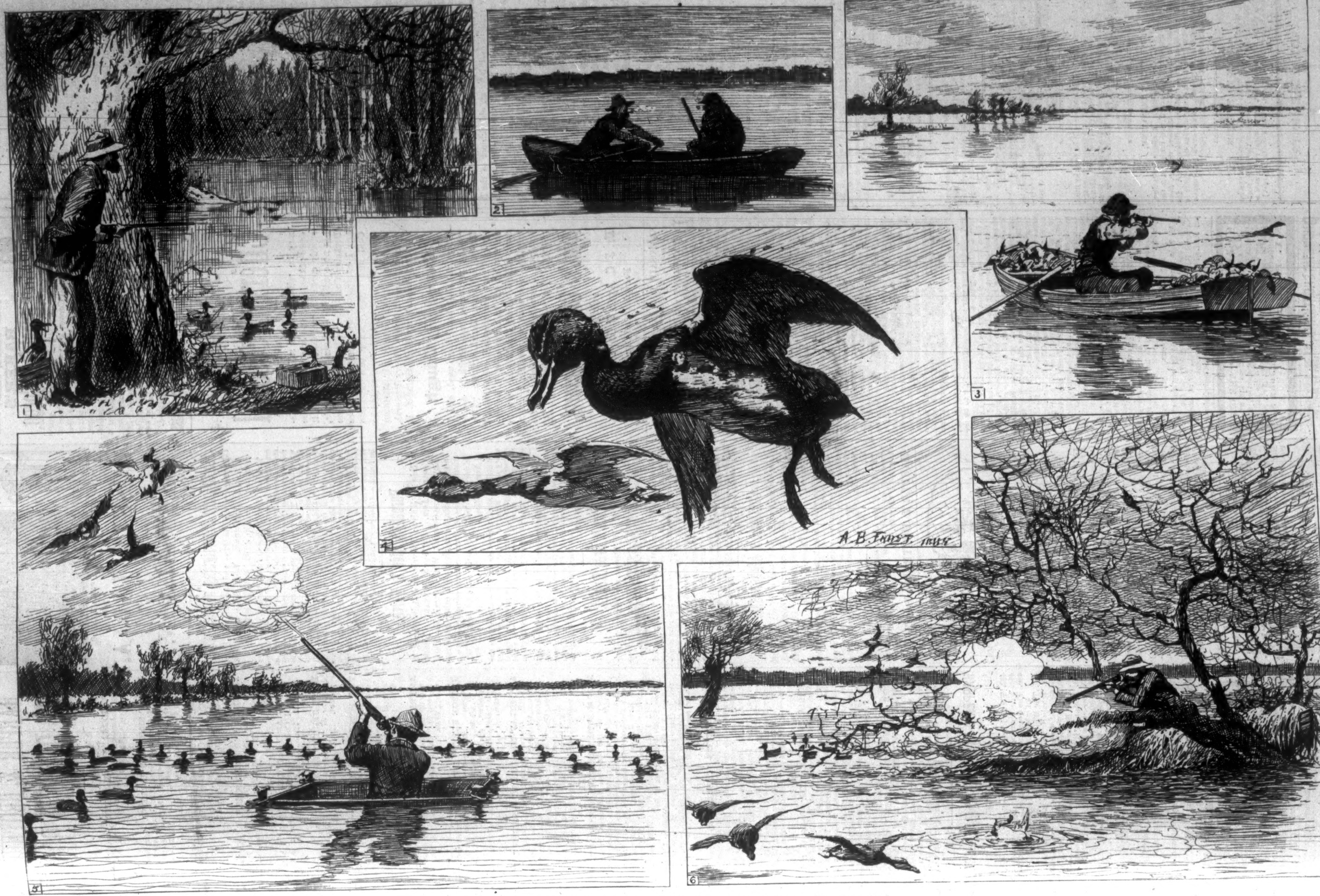
"In this camp four sleighs haul forty loads per day, or for six days, 240 loads. The amount of lumber hauled for one week scaled is 552,000 feet. The weight of logs per scaled foot is eight pounds: 552,000 feet×8 =4,416,000 pounds, or 220 car-loads of 20,000 pounds each.

"Our 'boss' load contained twenty-three logs, 5712 feet, of which the estimated weight was 49,696 pounds, and we do not claim to have hauled the largest load. The largest load I have seen was 8560 feet, hauled by four horses."

We trust that our many friends who have shown so deep an interest in our logging pictures will reconsider their objections, if they have entertained any, and that those who have cavilled at the work of our artist will turn good-naturedly about and take a lesson from it.



LOGGING IN MICHIGAN—A BIG LOAD.—From a Photograph by Ish, Gaylord, Michigan.



SPRING DUCK-SHOOTING IN THE WEST.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 251.]

1. Shooting Mallards in Flooded Timber. 2. An Early Start. 3. "Tender" picking up Cripples. 4. Killed in the Air. 5. An "Incomer." 6. Right and Left at "Black Jack."

ATLANTIC ICEBERGS.

The majestic beauty of the icebergs off Cape Race, in the track of the ocean steamers, is pleasant enough to contemplate in a picture, but the sensation of chilliness which notifies the passenger of their approach is as dismal an experience as a night on the Atlantic can provide for a timorous man or woman. The presence of impending disaster is never a cheerful subject to think about, but the danger of your vessel's smashing against one of those huge and relentless fragments of glaciers needs to be felt to be appreciated, especially in view of the fact that however low the iceberg may be out of the water, only one-eighth of it is visible. Since the terrible shock and breakage sustained by the magnificent steamer *Arizona* a few years ago, when she ran square against an iceberg while making sixteen knots an hour, the managers of the transatlantic lines have shown some evidence of favoring a more southerly route, but the competition among the fast steamers is so strong, and the "records" to be beaten so formidable, that the temptation to take a short-cut is almost irresistible. How many of the long and melancholy list of missing vessels have intrusted to the iceberg alone their terrible secret! They have left us freighted, some of them, with our dearest possessions, and they have never been heard of again.

But when these mountains of ice are seen at a distance, glistening under the rays of the sun, their crystal pinnacles and magnificent contours stimulate and delight; or even when, in broad daylight, the good ship passes so close to one of them that the voyager experiences the novelty of what he might call a personal acquaintance, the sense of safety is as undisturbed as if he were under the chalky cliffs of Dover, and he carries off the recollection of a unique piece of sight-seeing. He may be the least impressionable of men, but he will never forget it; and if by chance he is a retired old sea-captain, ending his days peaceably in the brokerage business on South Street, his eyes will sparkle and his tongue never falter while relating, with suitable additions, the inspiriting reminiscence. Did any of our readers ever hear an old skipper of the famous clipper era tell of the icebergs off Cape Horn?

AN ARRIVAL OF SEALS.

Early in the evening of the 30th of March the steam-ship *Resolute*, of Dundee, arrived at St. Johns, Newfoundland, with an immense cargo of harp seals, and the representative of Harper's Weekly was so interested in the appearance of the new arrival that he made a sketch of it on the spot. Not less than thirty-five thousand seals were unladen from the *Resolute*, the vessel being crammed with them both below the hatches and on deck. Each specimen measured about six feet in length, the color varying from the grayish-white of the male to the delicate brown of the female, while the youngest of the animals had no color at all, but were of a snowy white. They were found for the most part on fields of floating ice off the shores of Greenland, and many of them were taken by being clubbed to death, as boys sometimes kill frogs with sticks. The demand for their skins is undiminished.

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Department of the Interior, Office of Indian Affairs, Washington, March 30, 1885.—Sealed proposals, endorsed "Proposals for Beef" (bids for Beef *must* be submitted in separate envelopes), Bacon, Flour, Clothing, or Transportation, &c. (as the case may be), and directed to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *Nos. 65 and 67 Wooster Street, New York*, will be received until 1 P. M. of *Tuesday, May 5, 1885*, for furnishing for the Indian service about 1,250,000 pounds Bacon, 40,000,000 pounds Beef on the hoof, 250,000 pounds Beans, 57,000 pounds Baking Powder, 1,000,000 pounds Corn, 450,000 pounds Coffee, 8,000,000 pounds Flour, 56,000 pounds Feed, 195,000 pounds Hard Bread, 68,000 pounds Hominy, 25,000 pounds Lard, 1600 barrels Mess Pork, 145,000 pounds Rice, 7500 pounds Tea, 500 pounds Tobacco, 190,000 pounds Salt, 175,000 pounds Soap, 850,000 pounds Sugar, and 320,000 pounds Wheat.

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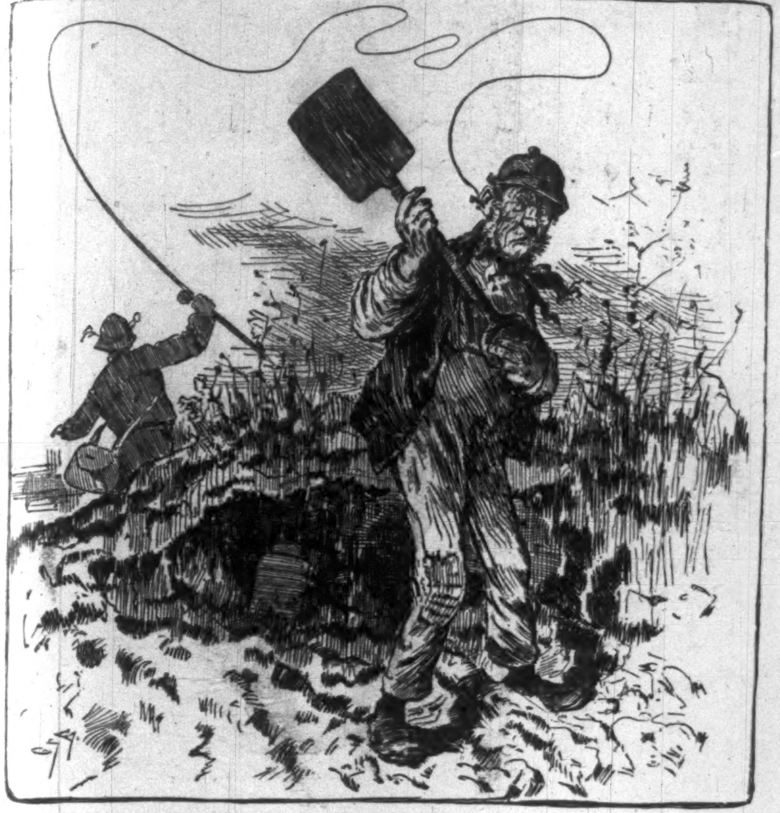

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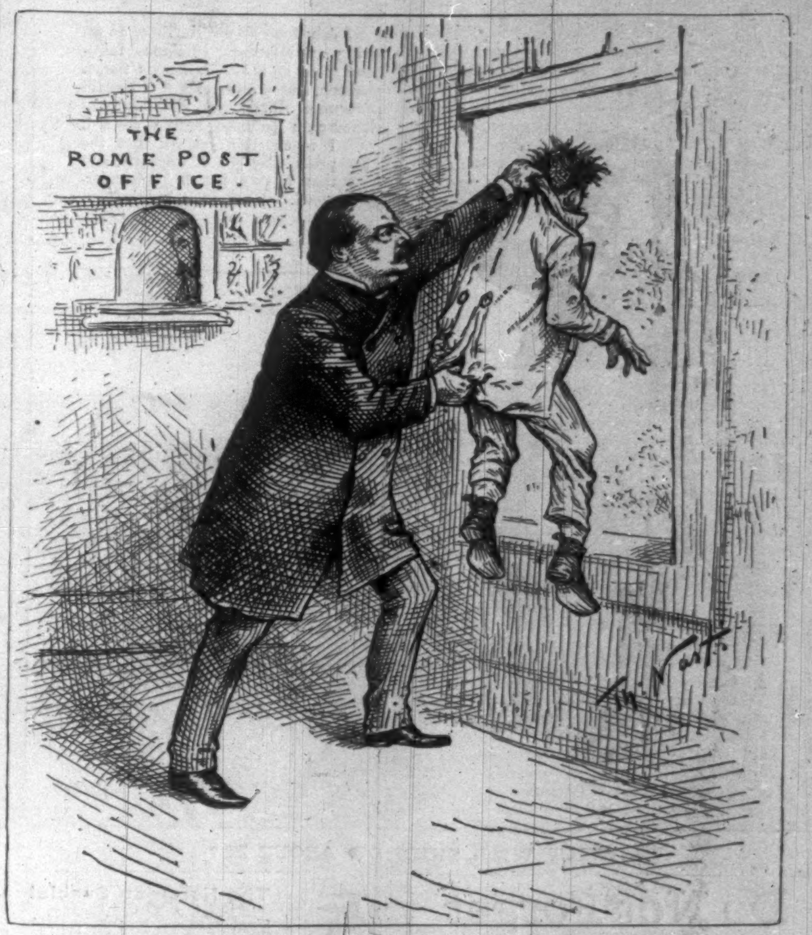
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THE CHILD'S BOOK OF NATURE FOR THE USE OF FAMILIES AND SCHOOLS, intended to Aid Mothers and Teachers in Training Children in the Observation of Nature. In Three Parts. Part I. Plants. Part II. Animals. Part III. Air, Water, Heat, Light, &c. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D. With Illustrations. New York, Harper & Brothers.

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